

SMASH

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QUALITY
COMIC
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10

OCTOBER
No. 79

COMICS

STILL 52 PAGES

MIDNIGHT
battles
THE MEN
from
MARS!



-JACK COLE-



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS



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\$2.95



Satan
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Old Man
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Beggar, \$2.95

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SANTA CLAUS, \$4.95



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IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

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Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept 53-M Chicago 31, Illinois
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

- () Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
() Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME _____
STREET _____ P.O. ZONE _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

IT PULLS ON
OVER THE
HEAD LIKE
A DIVER'S
HELMET



NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE

BOY! WOULD
I HAVE FUN
WITH THAT
CLOWN FACE

YOU'RE
FUNNIER
WITH YOUR
OWN

THE MYSTERI-
OUS CLOWN
SURE HAS THE
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE
AND WHERE
DID HE GET
THAT MASK?



SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at \$2.95, except Santa Claus (\$4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.

6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 53-M, Chicago 31, Illinois

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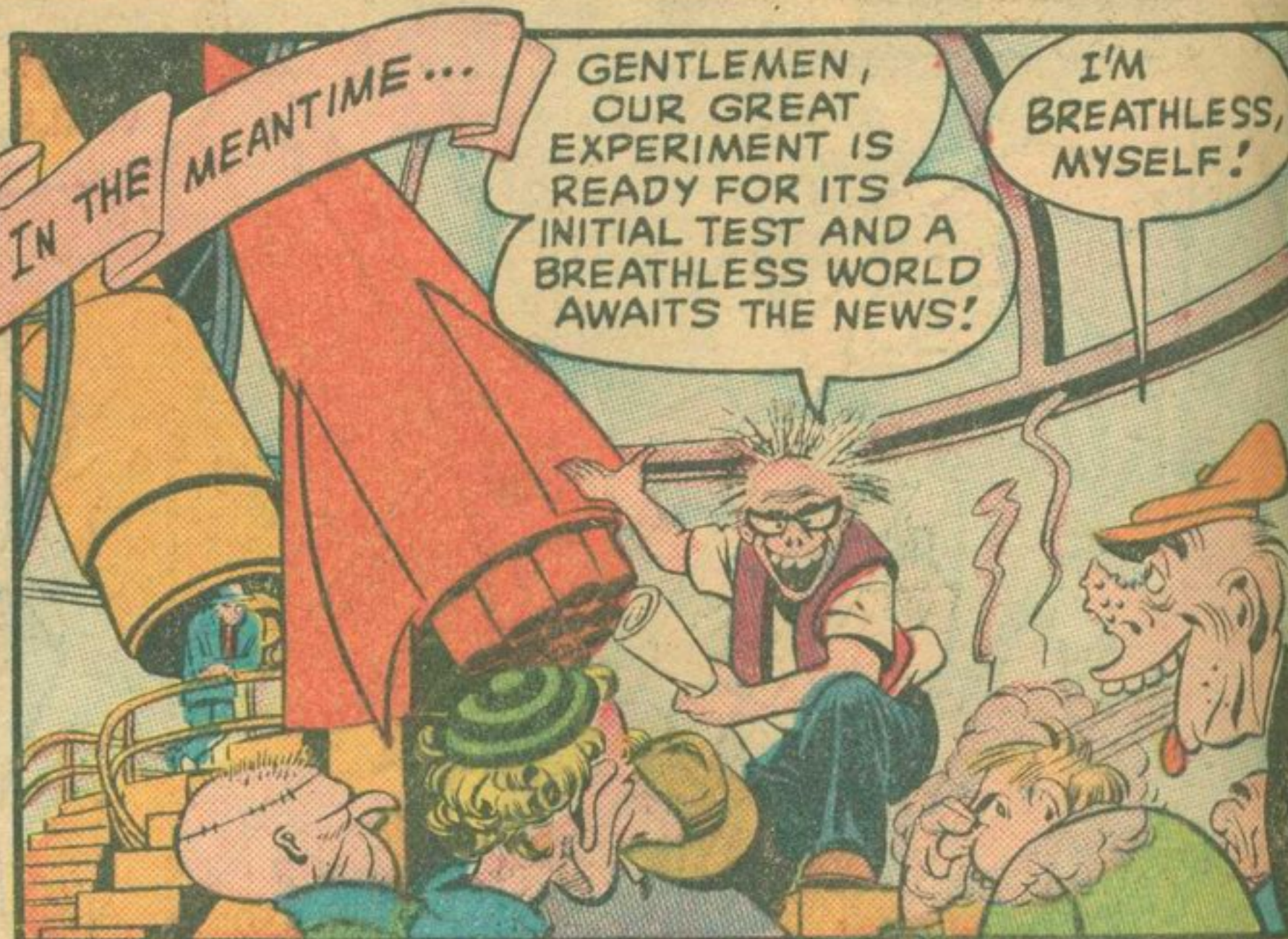
S'LONG, MIDNIGHT!
WE'LL DROP YOU A LINE
WHEN WE GET TO
MARS!

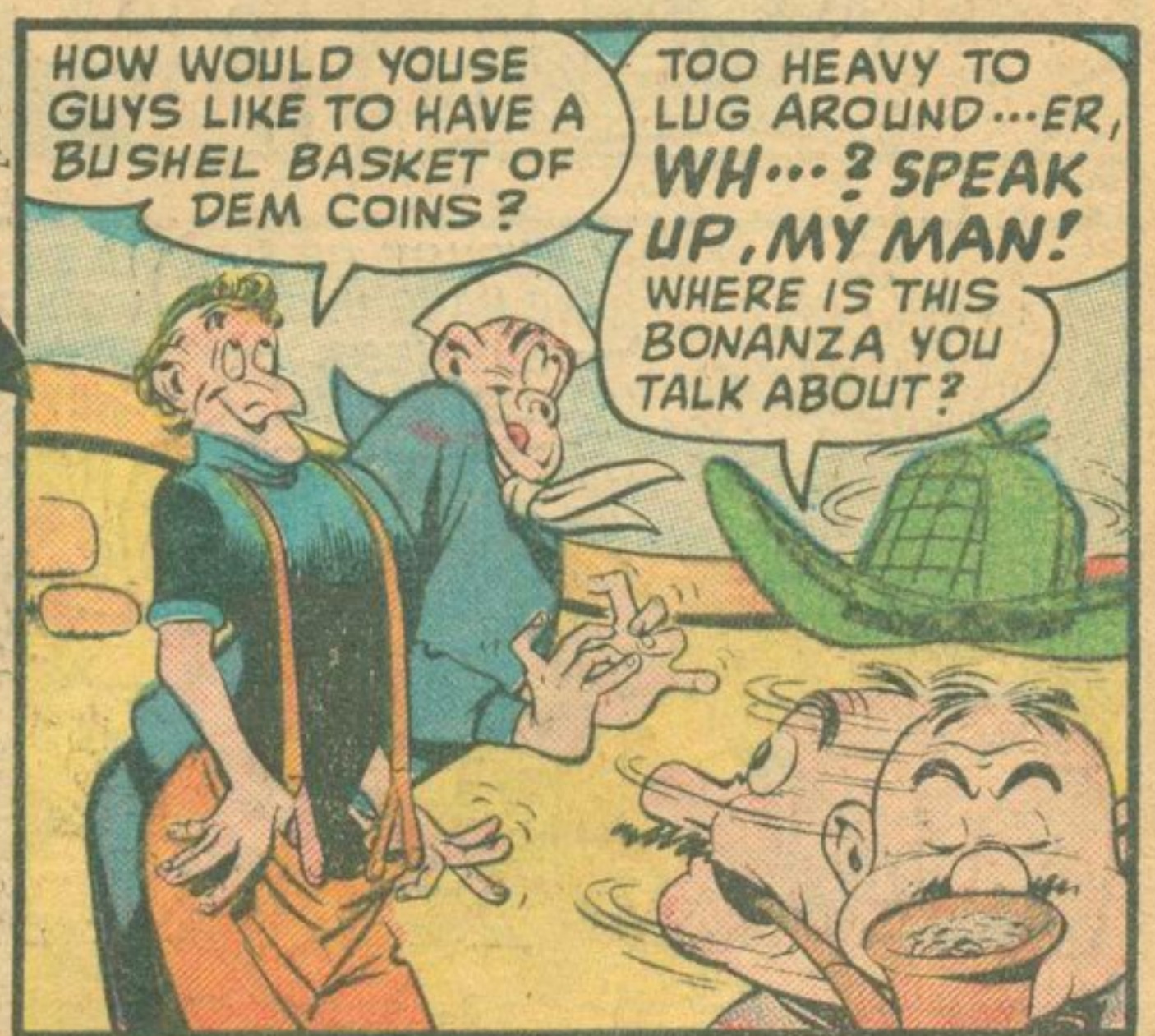
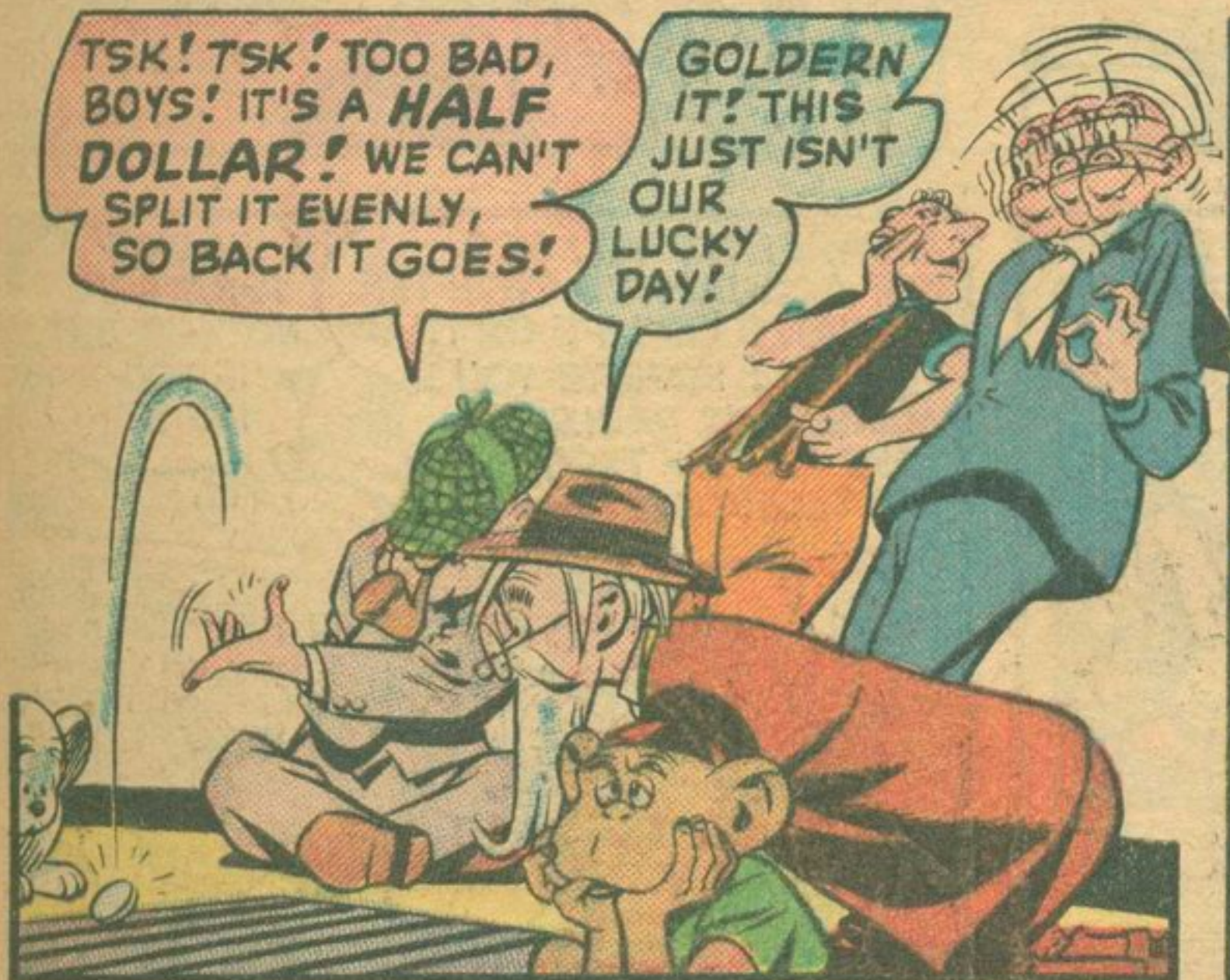
**AT
LAST!** WITH
THEM GONE,
THERE'LL BE
PEACE ON EARTH,
GOOD WILL TOWARDS
MEN... FOR A
WHILE, ANYWAY!

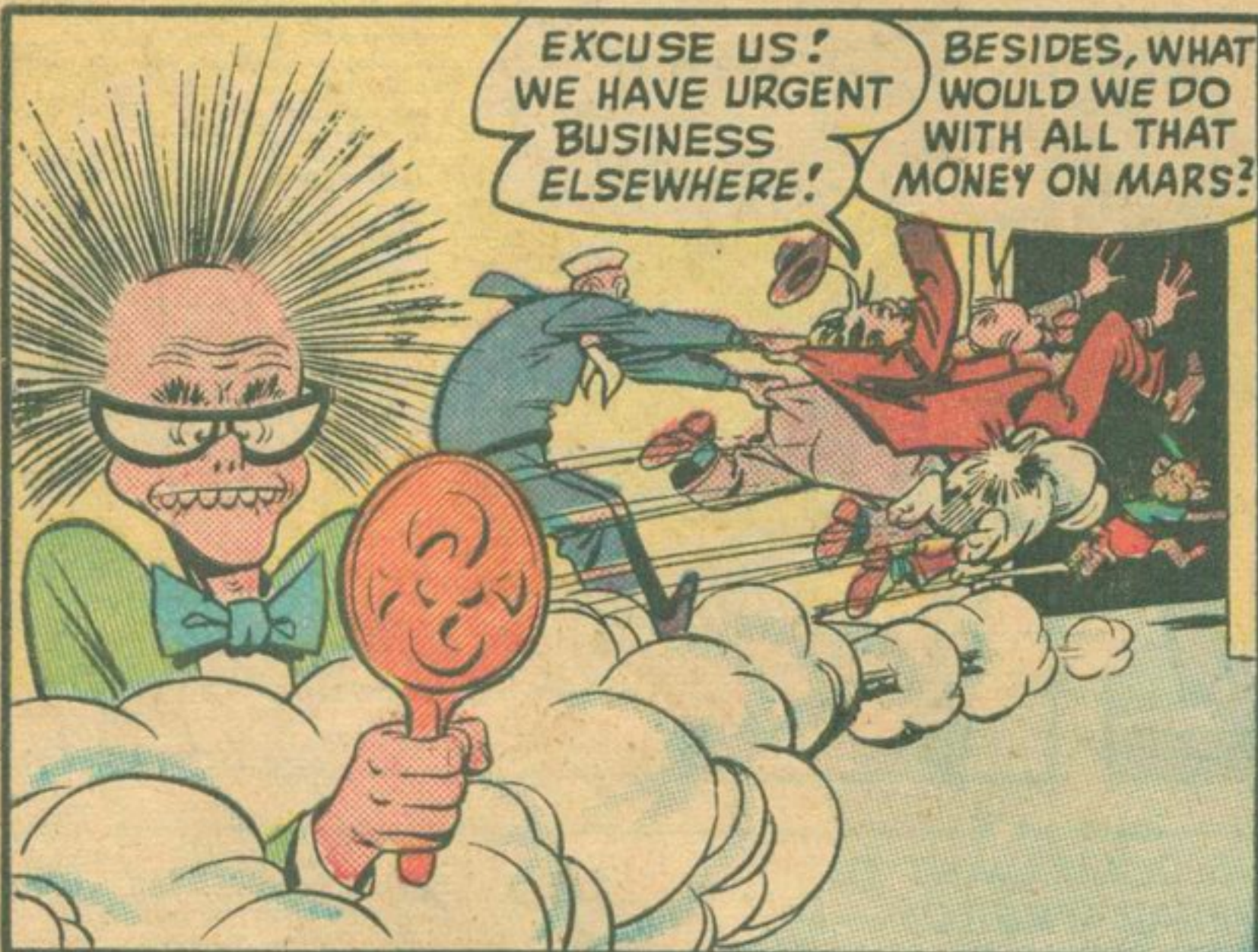
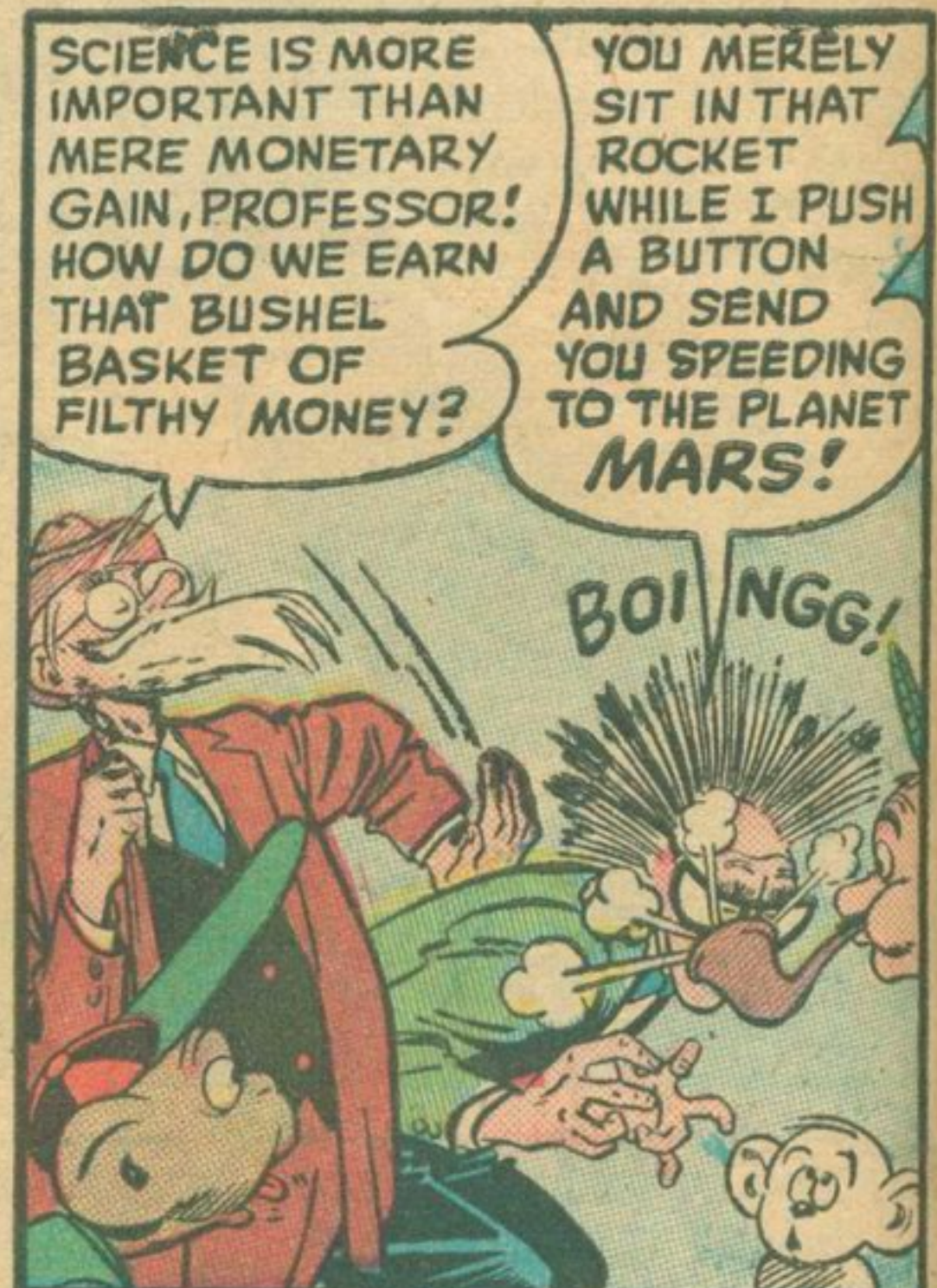
When radio
announcer Dave
Clark's pixilated
pals get into an
adventure, it's
usually a lulu!

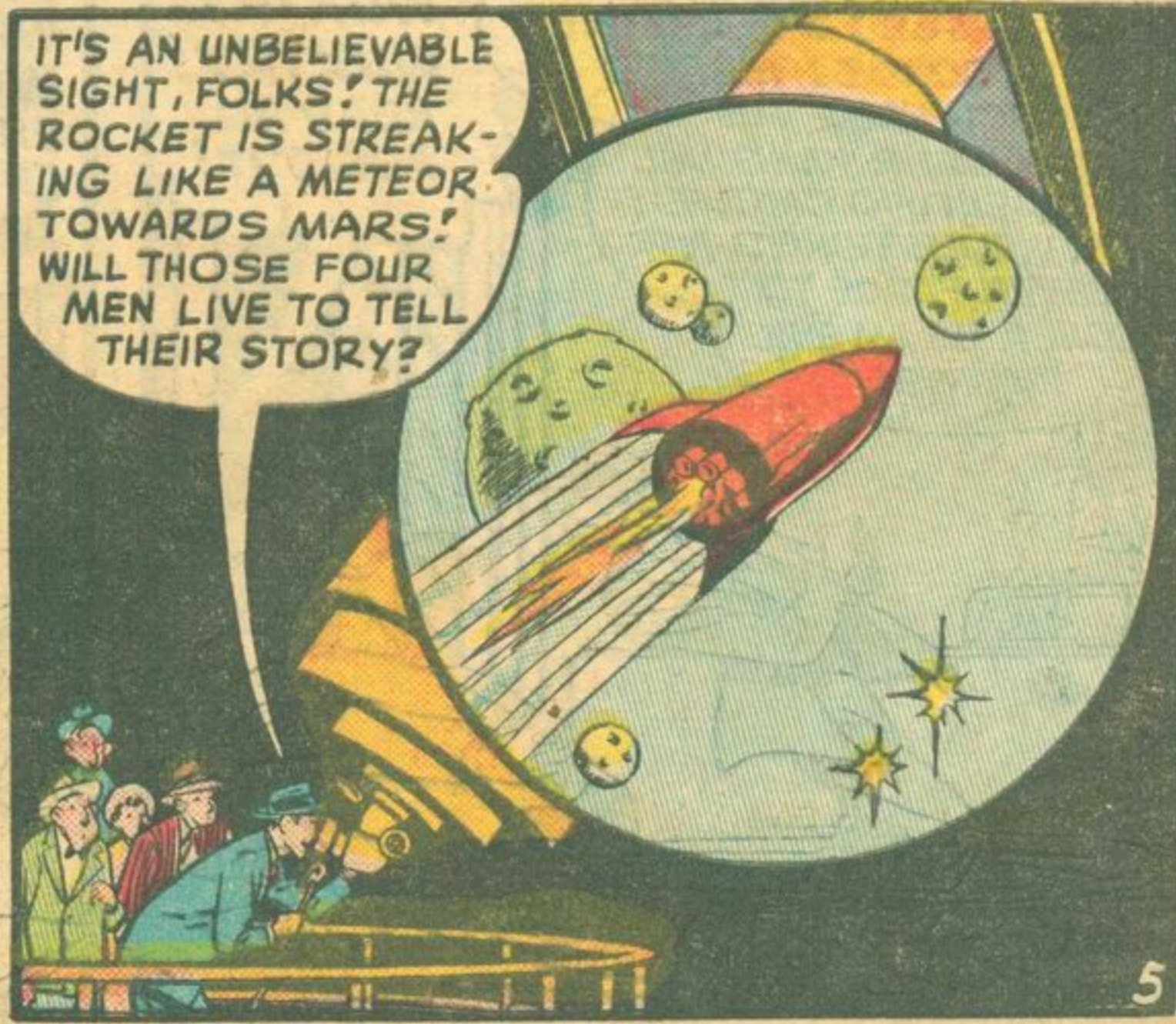
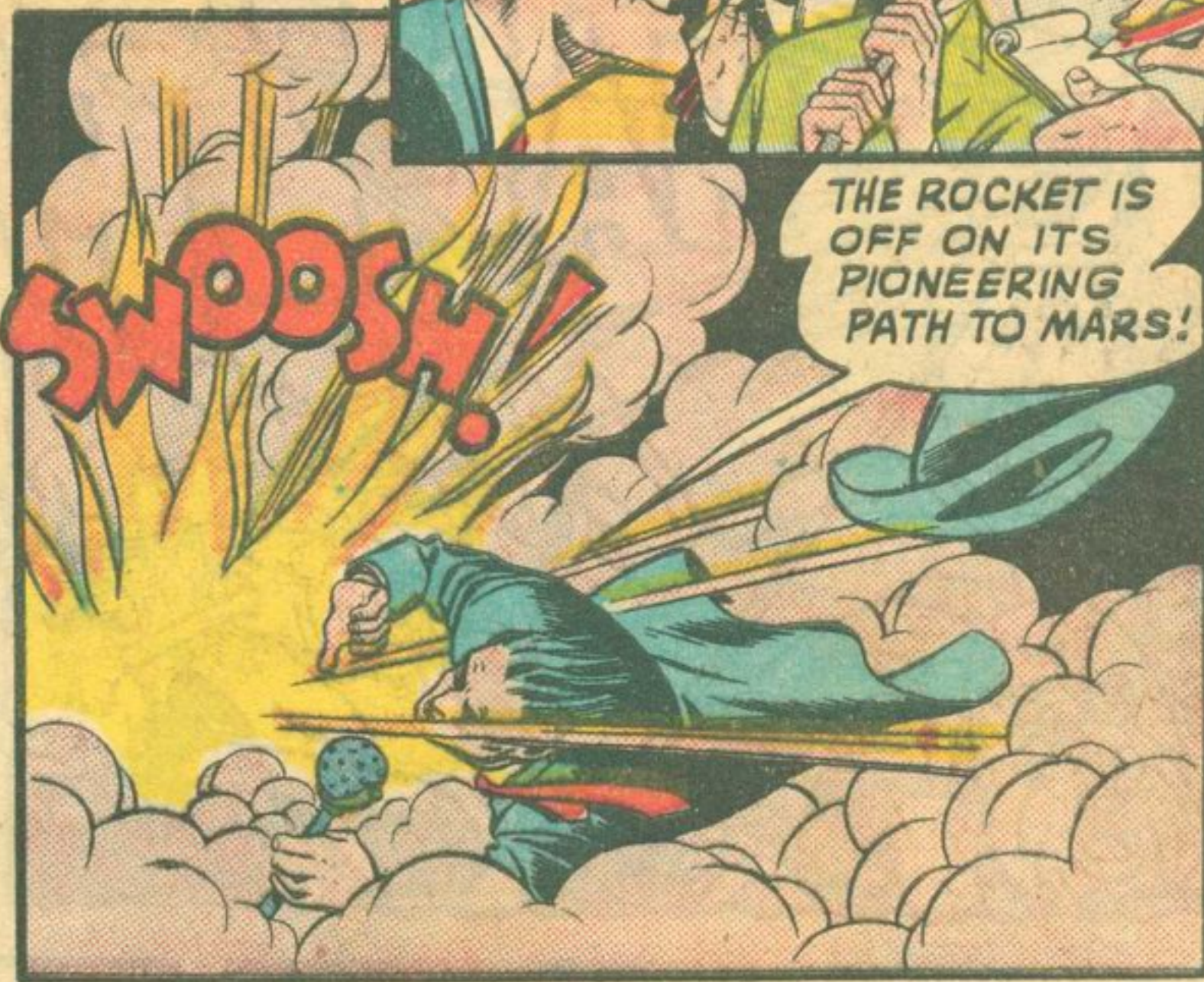
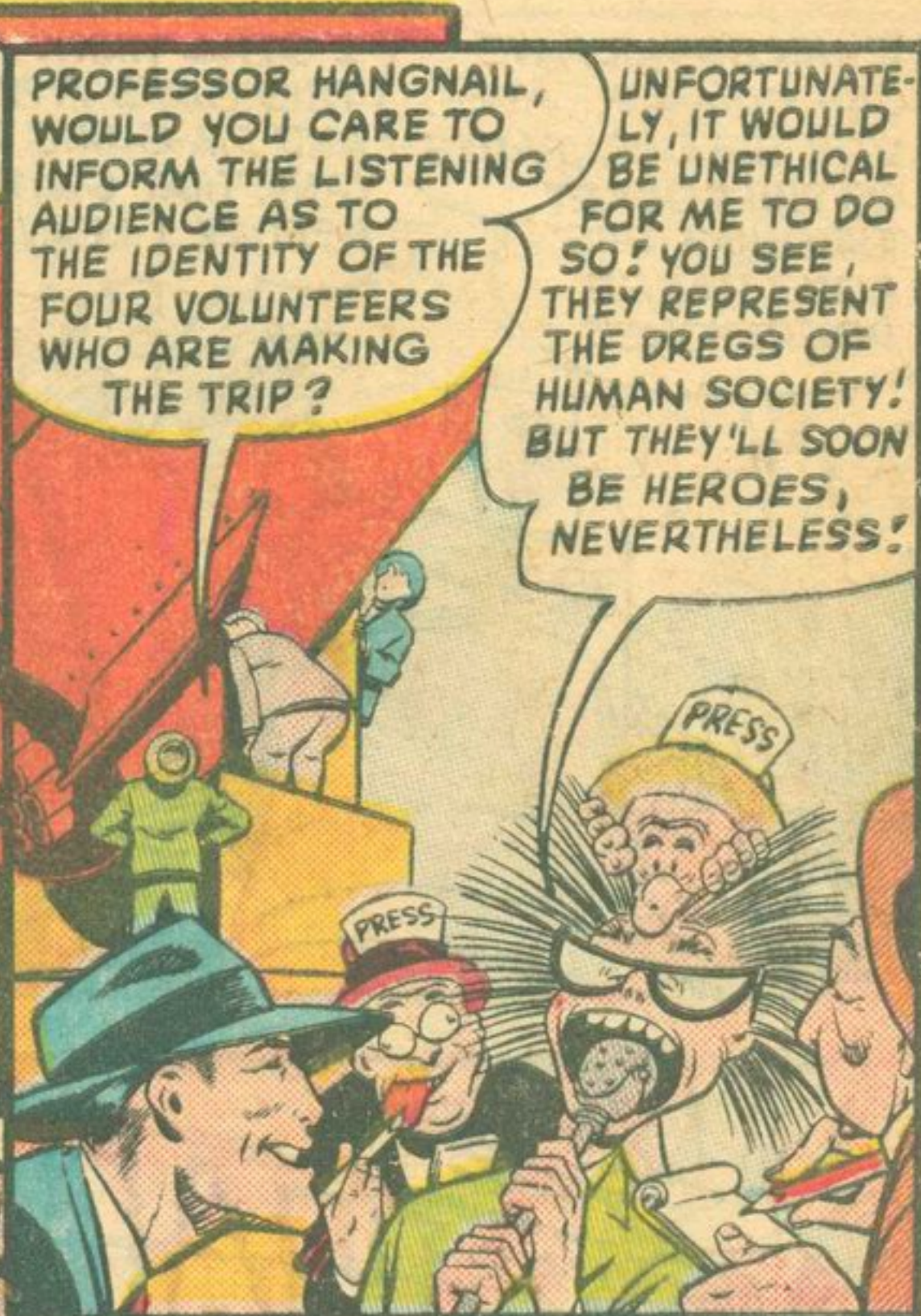
But this time
their adventure
takes them
literally out of
this world, until
Dave, alias
MIDNIGHT,
brings them
back to earth!

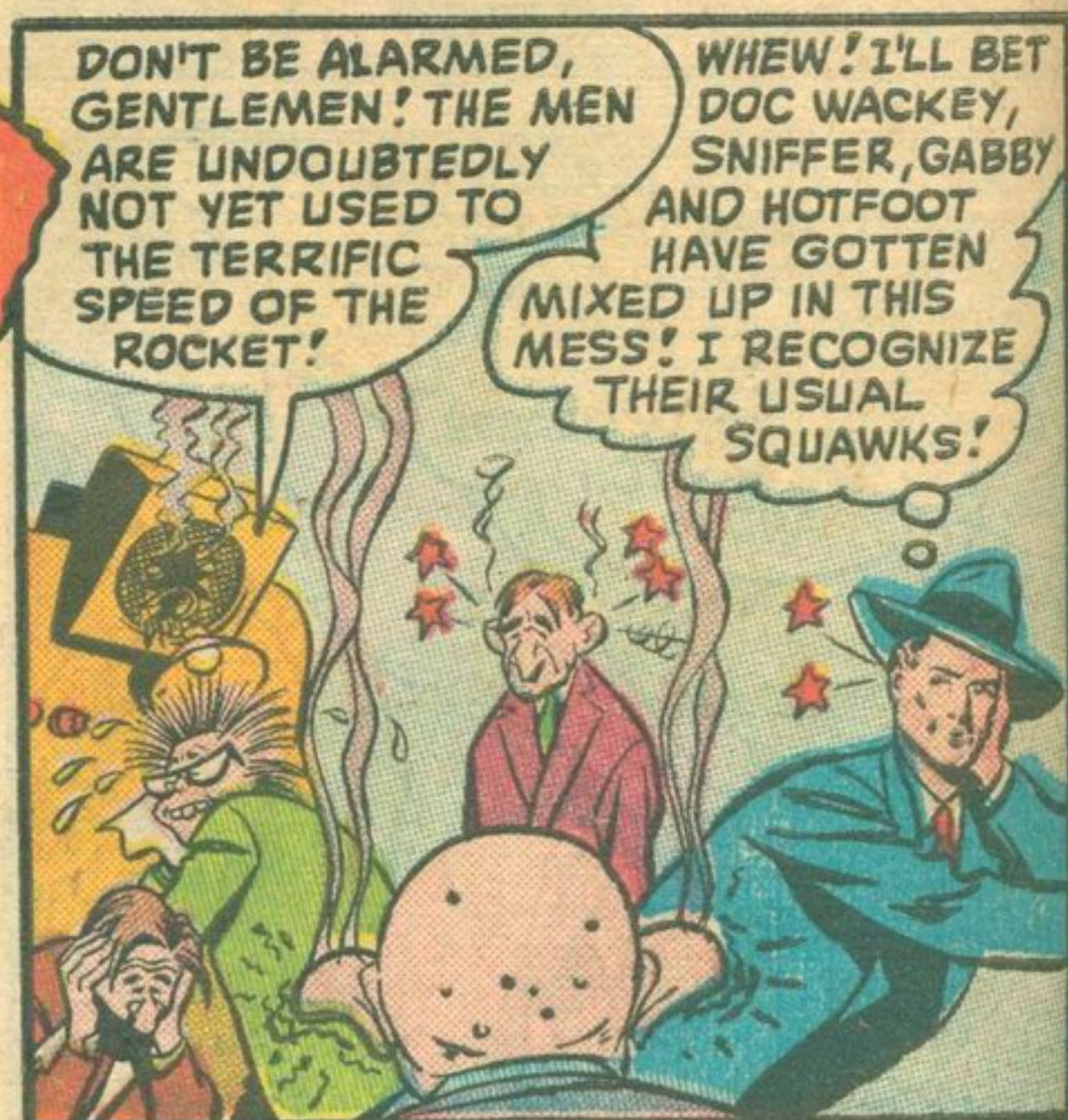
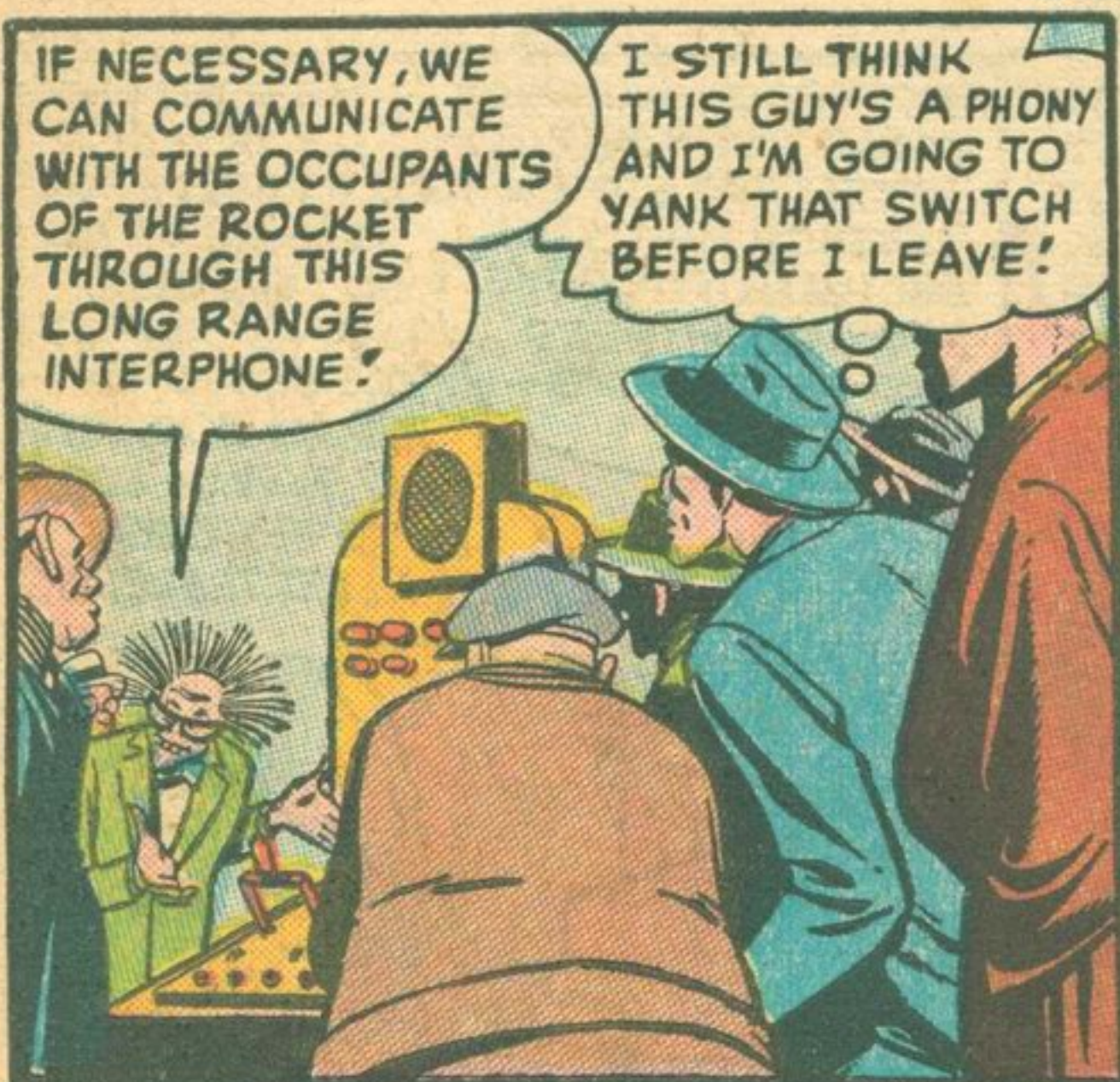
At the broadcasting studio...

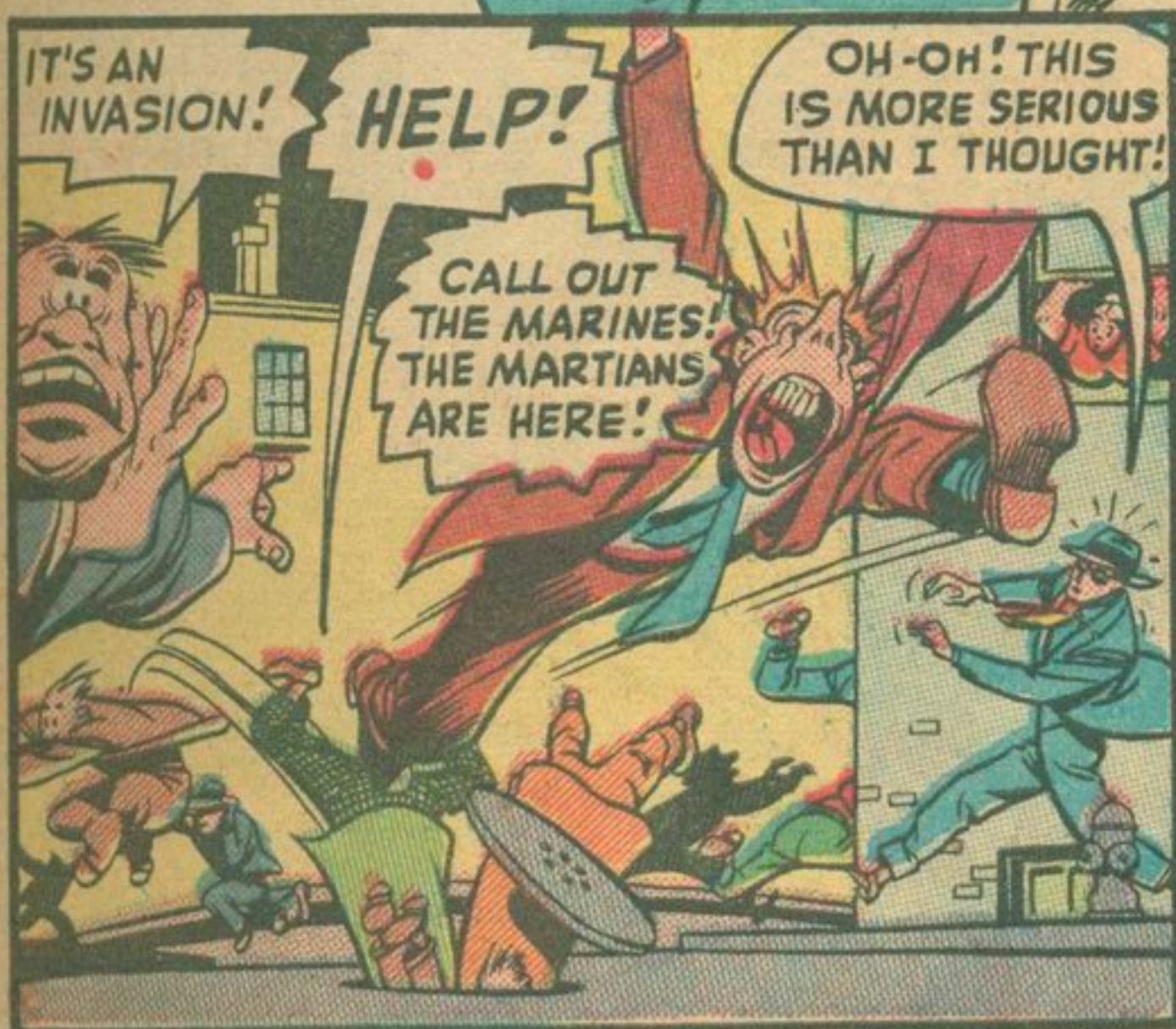
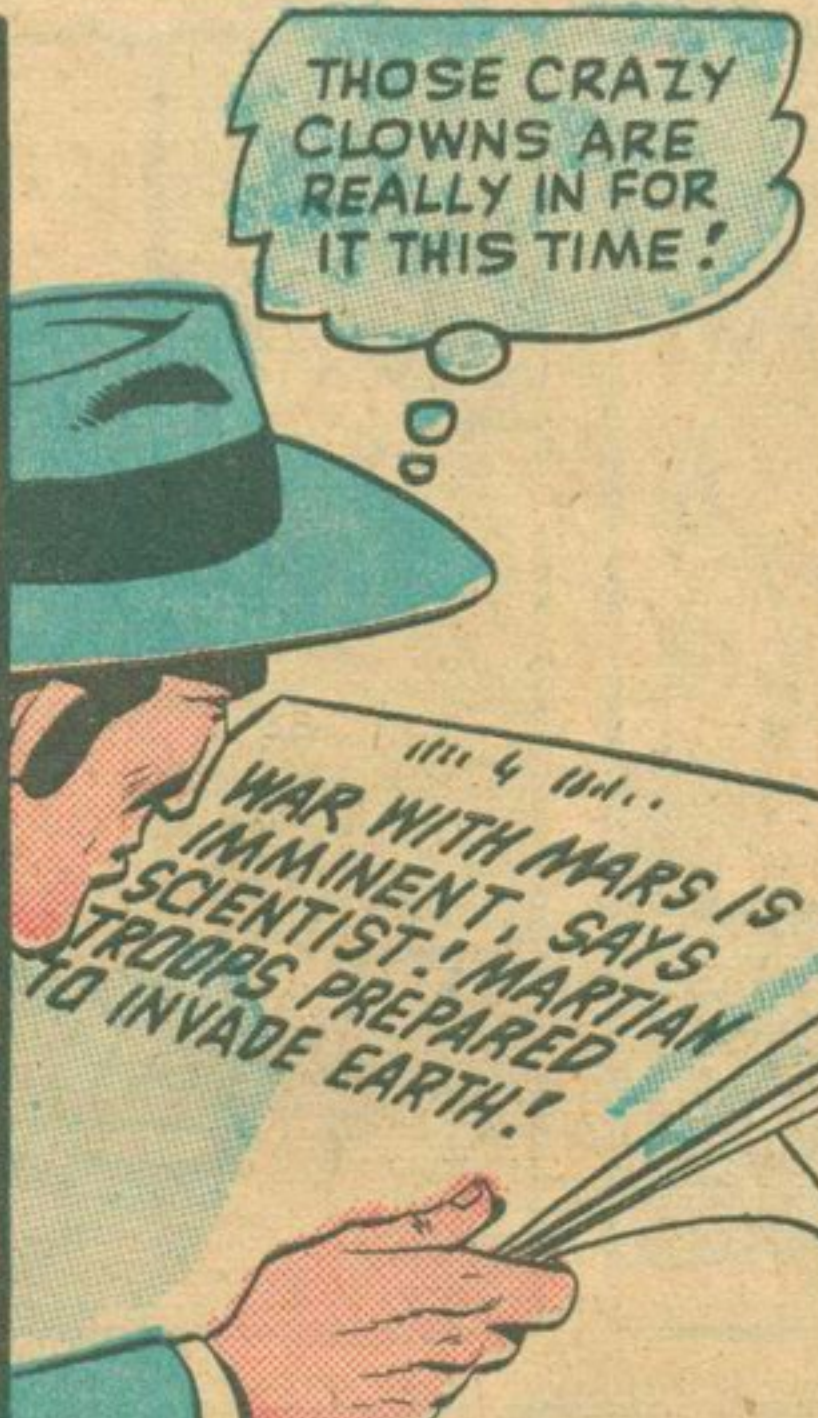


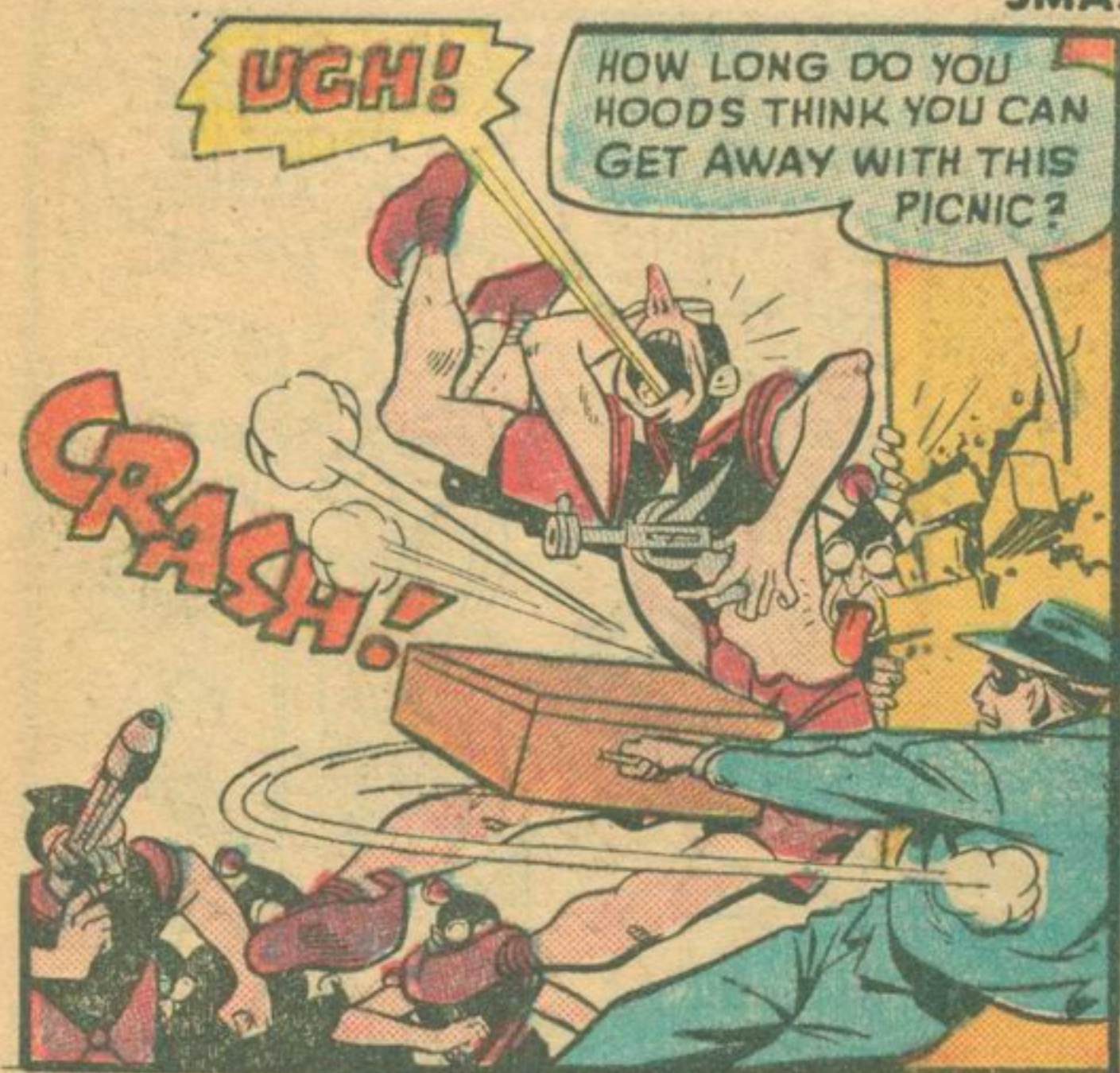




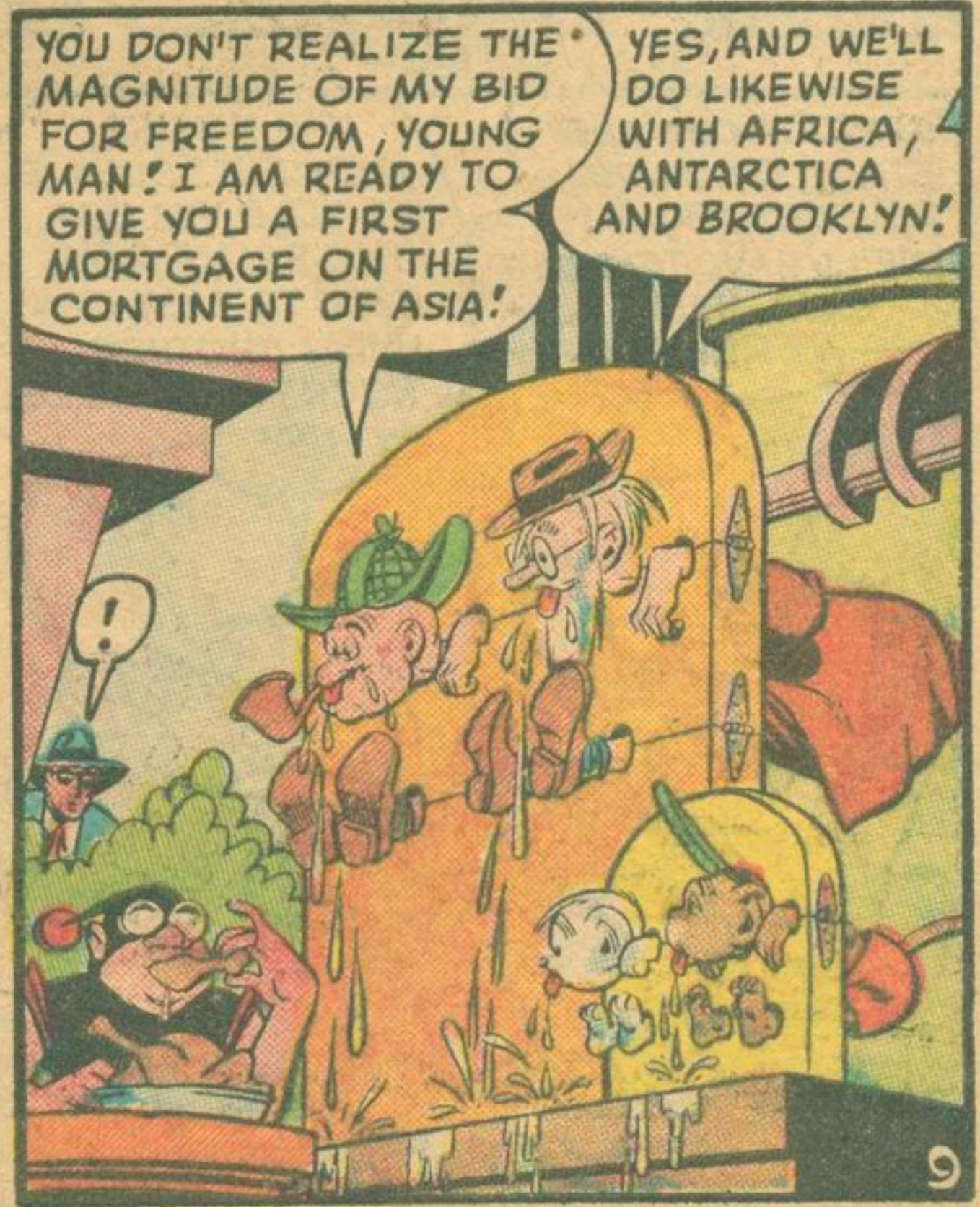
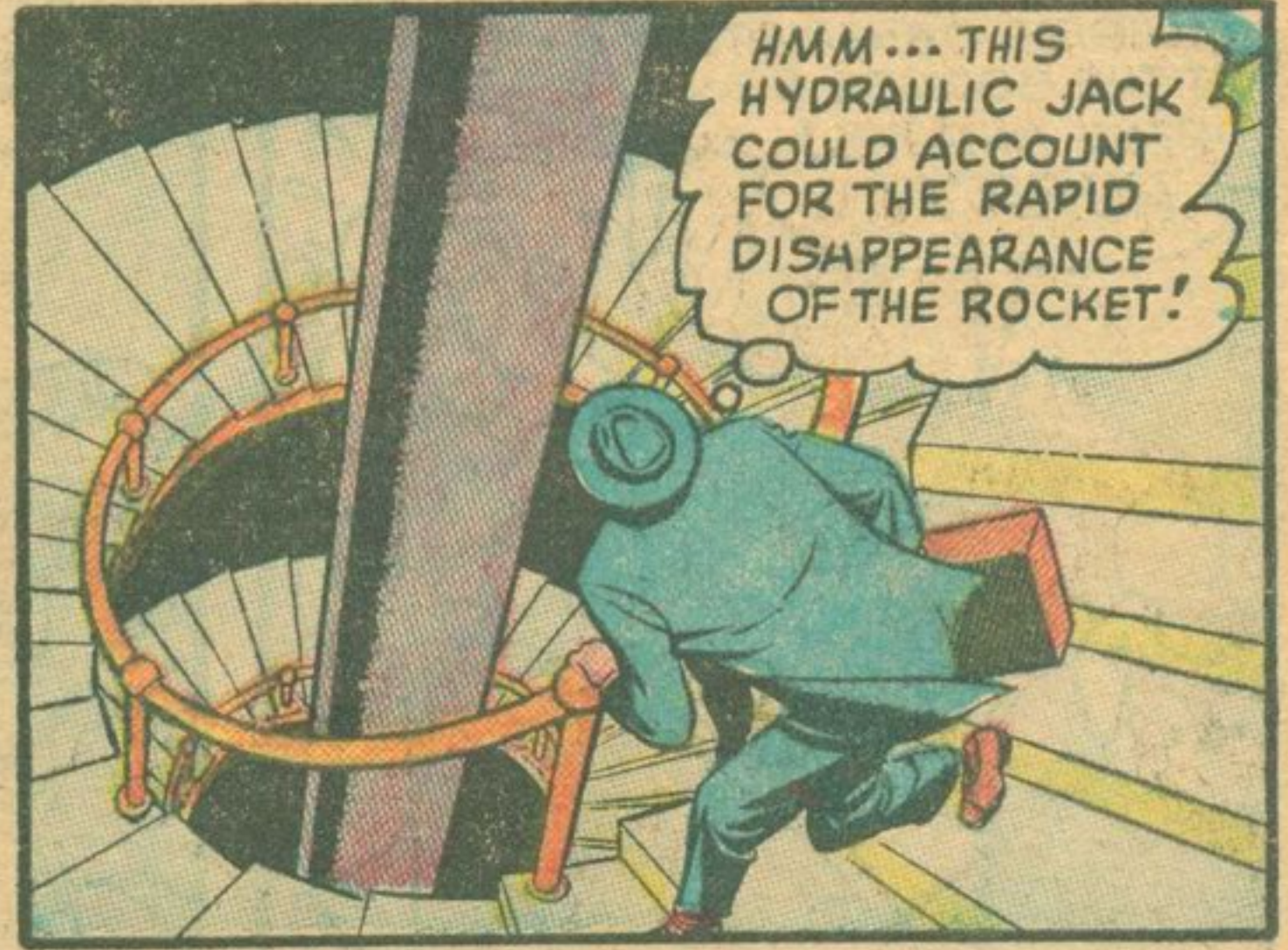


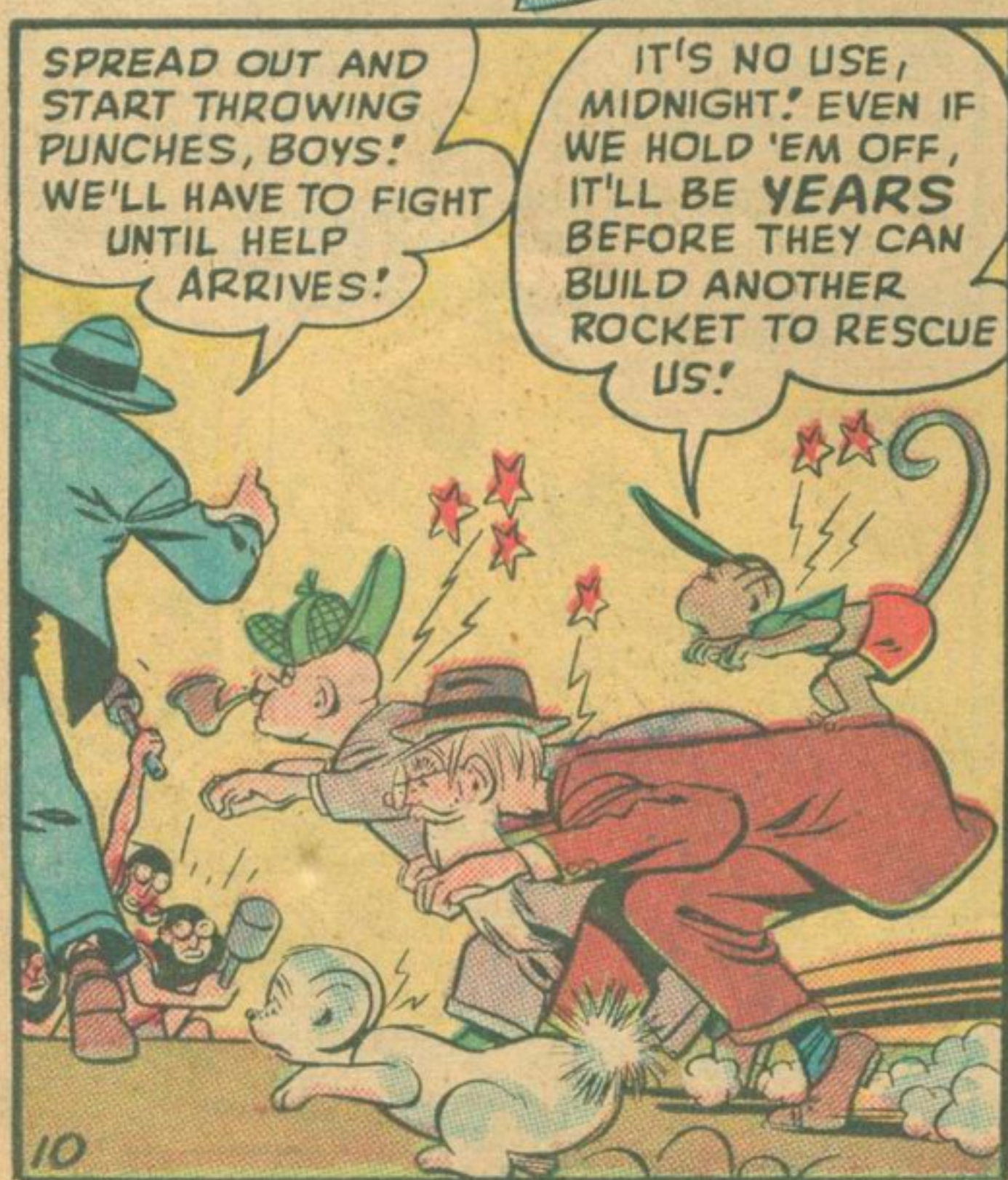


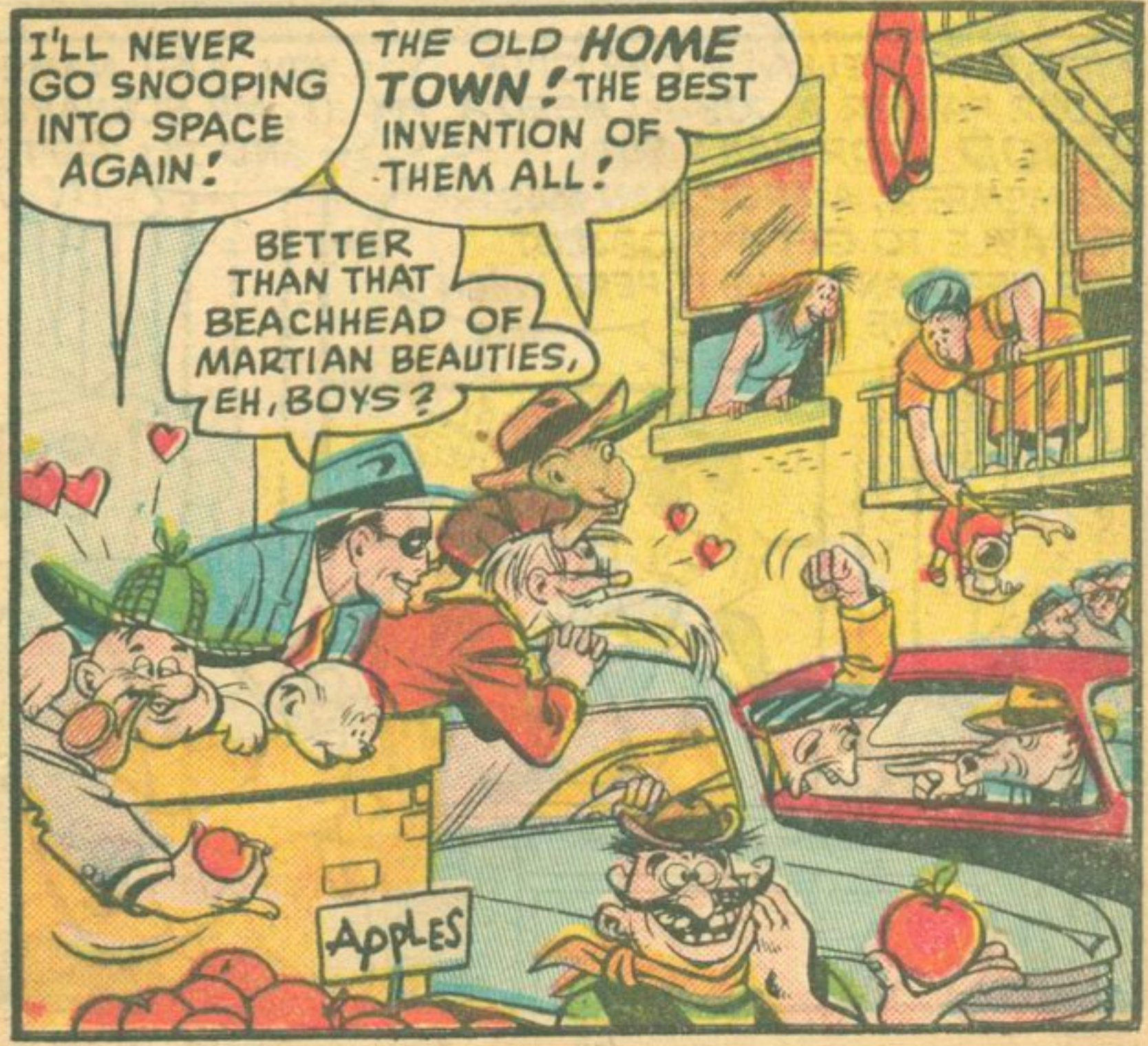




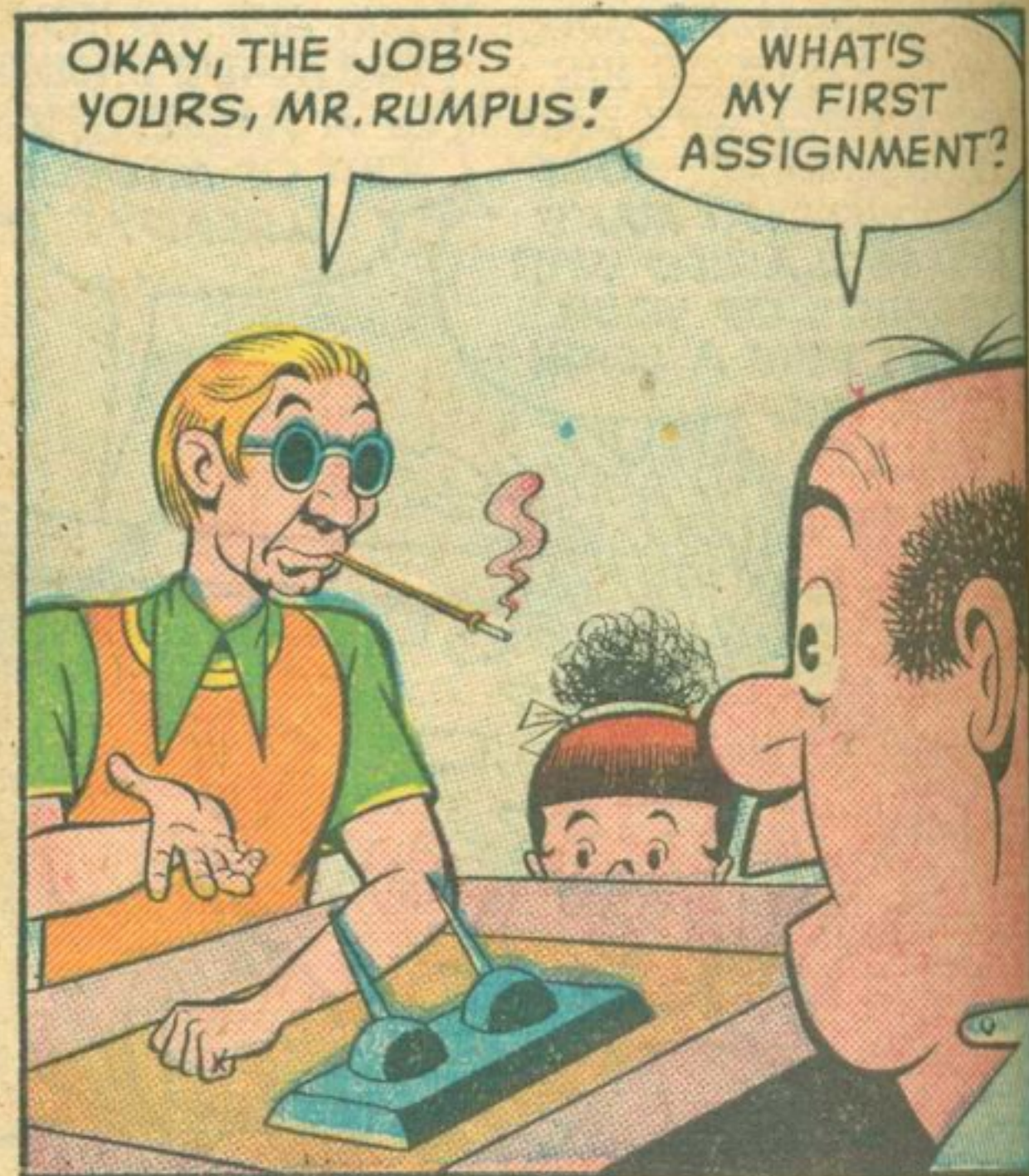
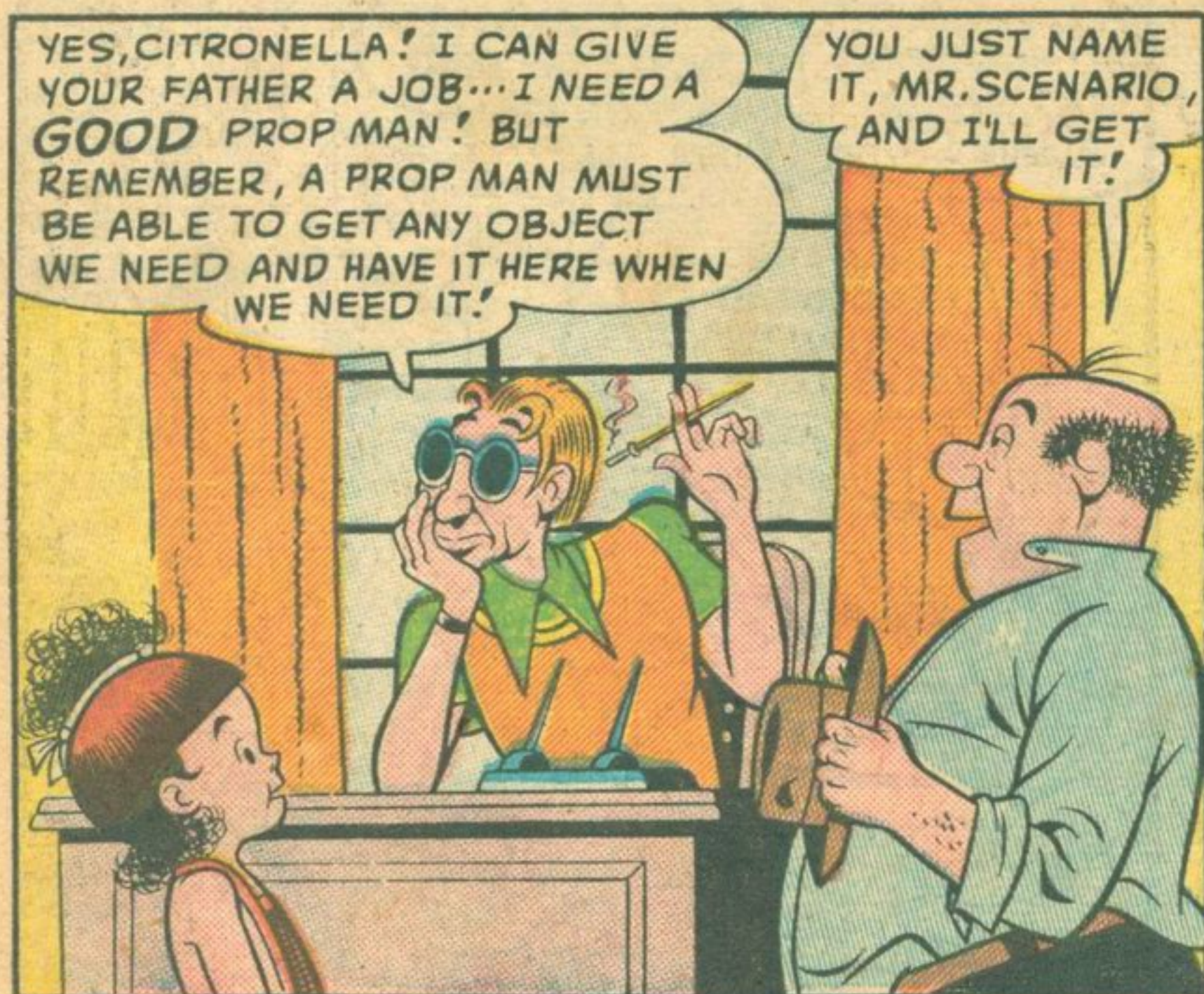
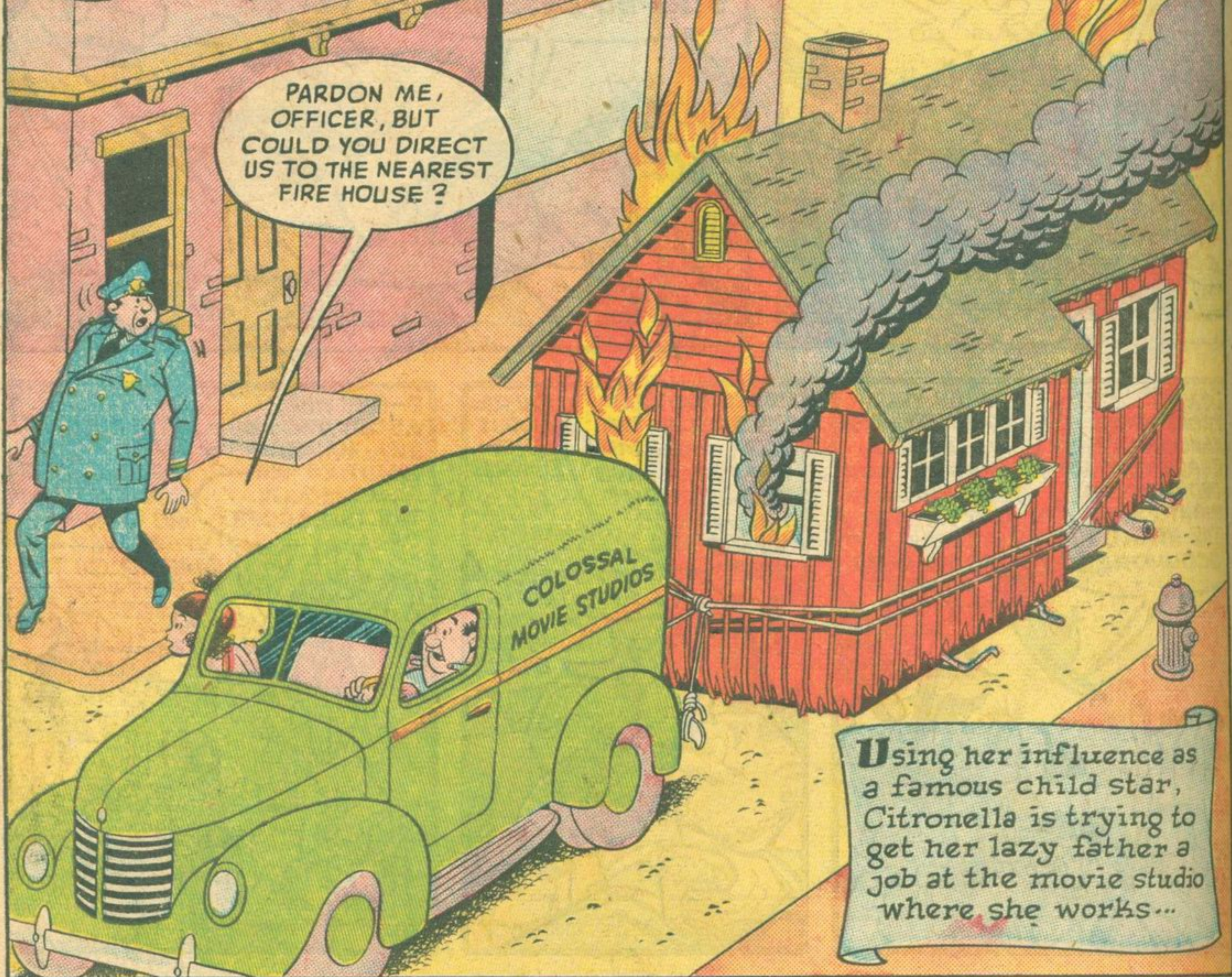
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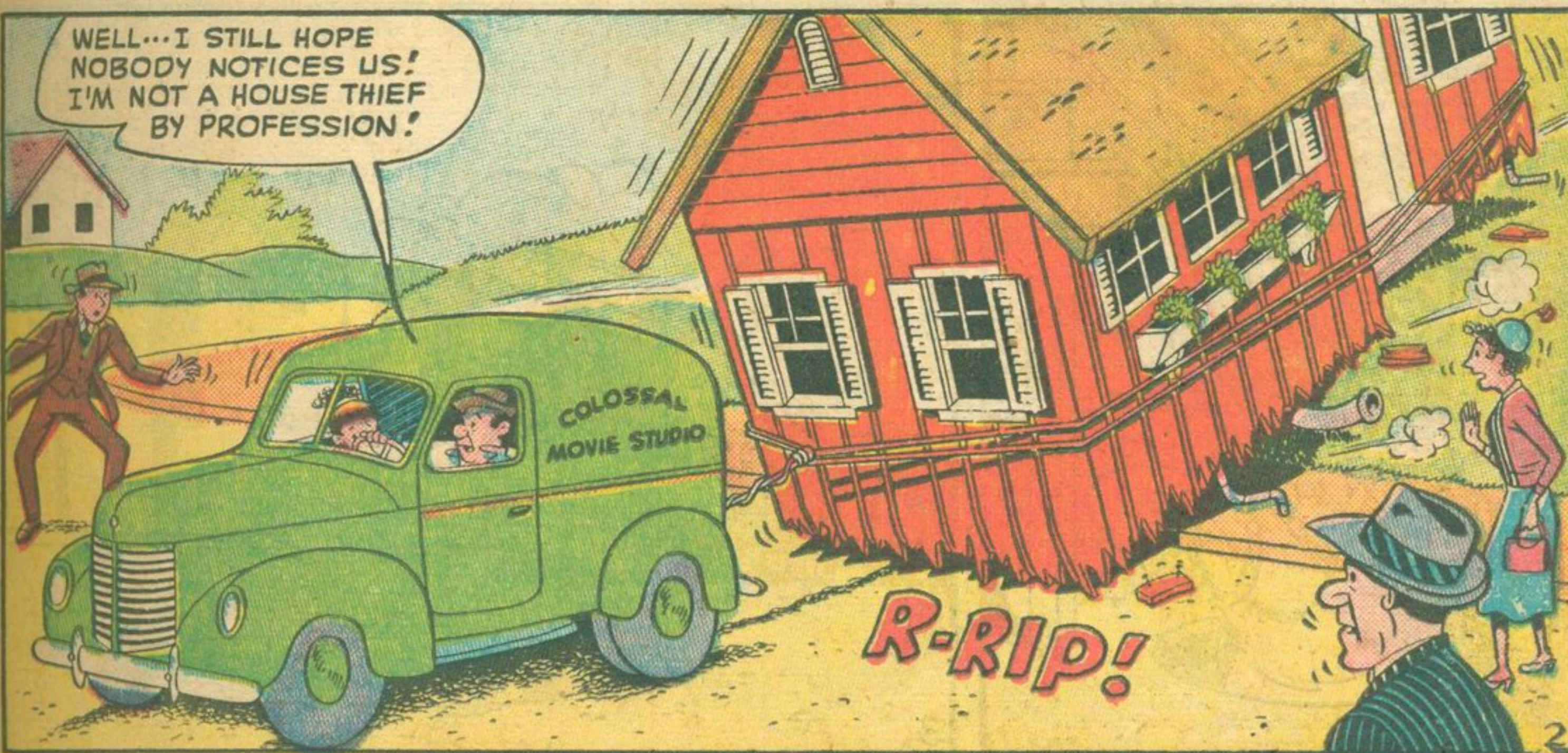
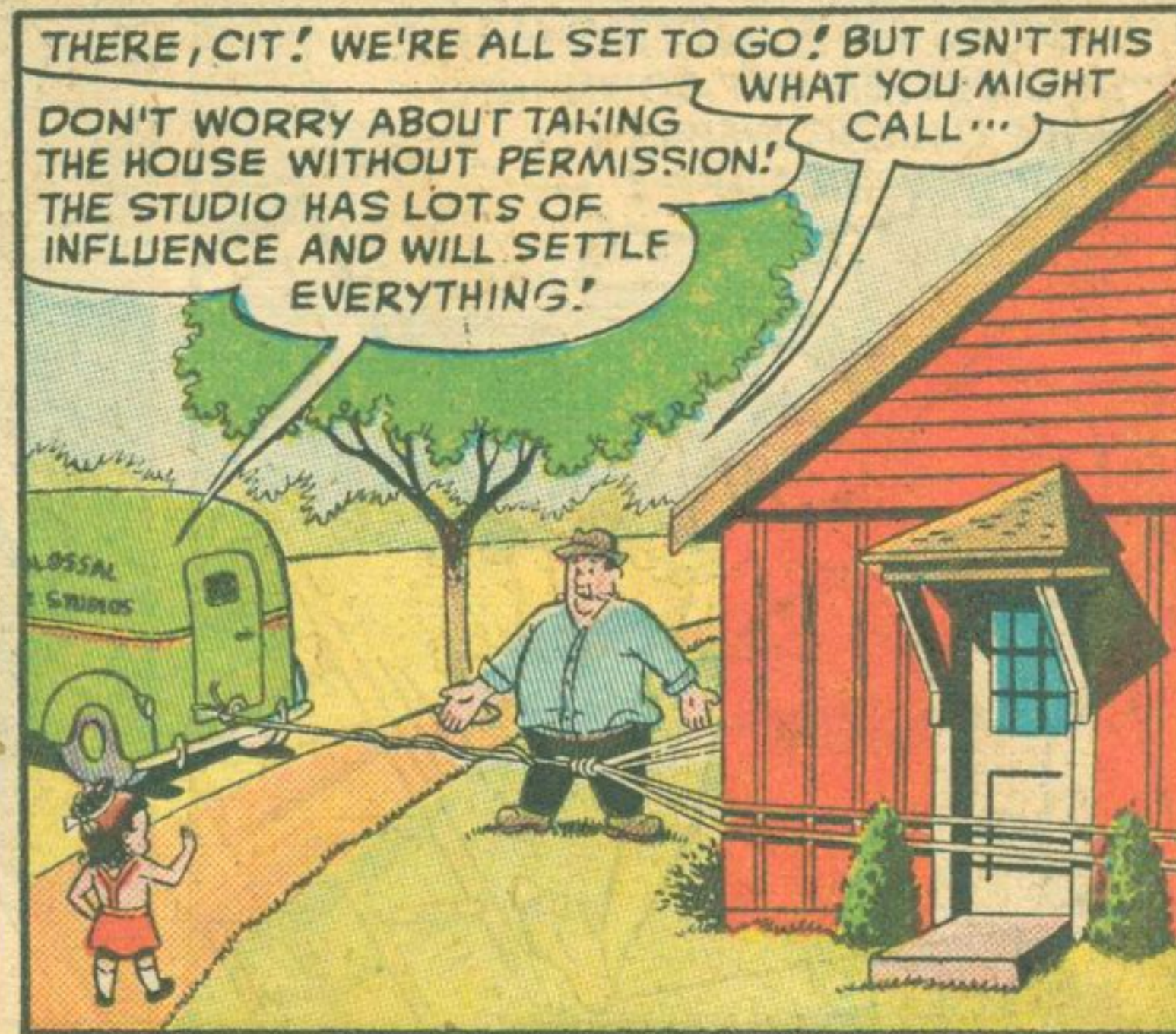
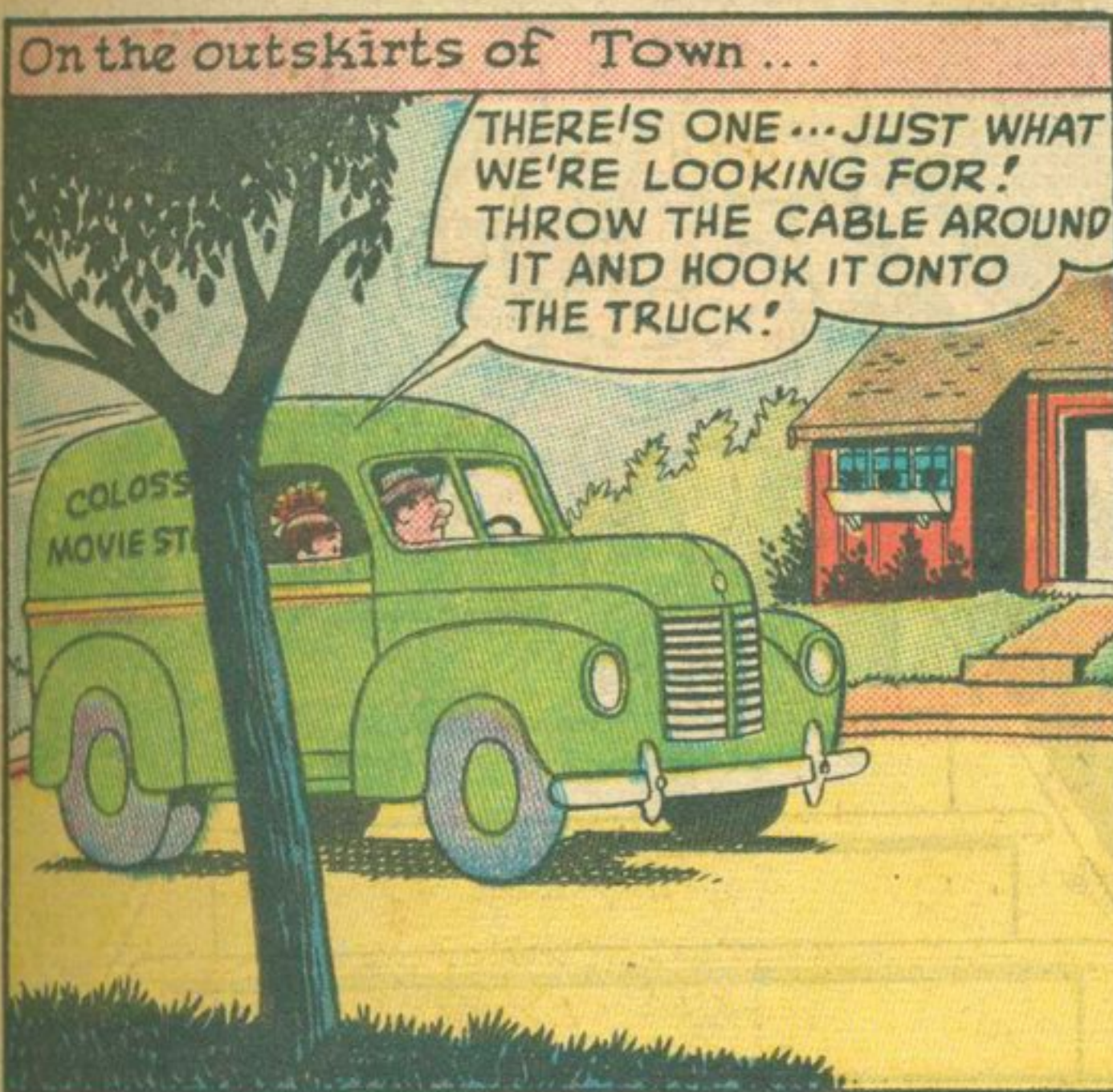
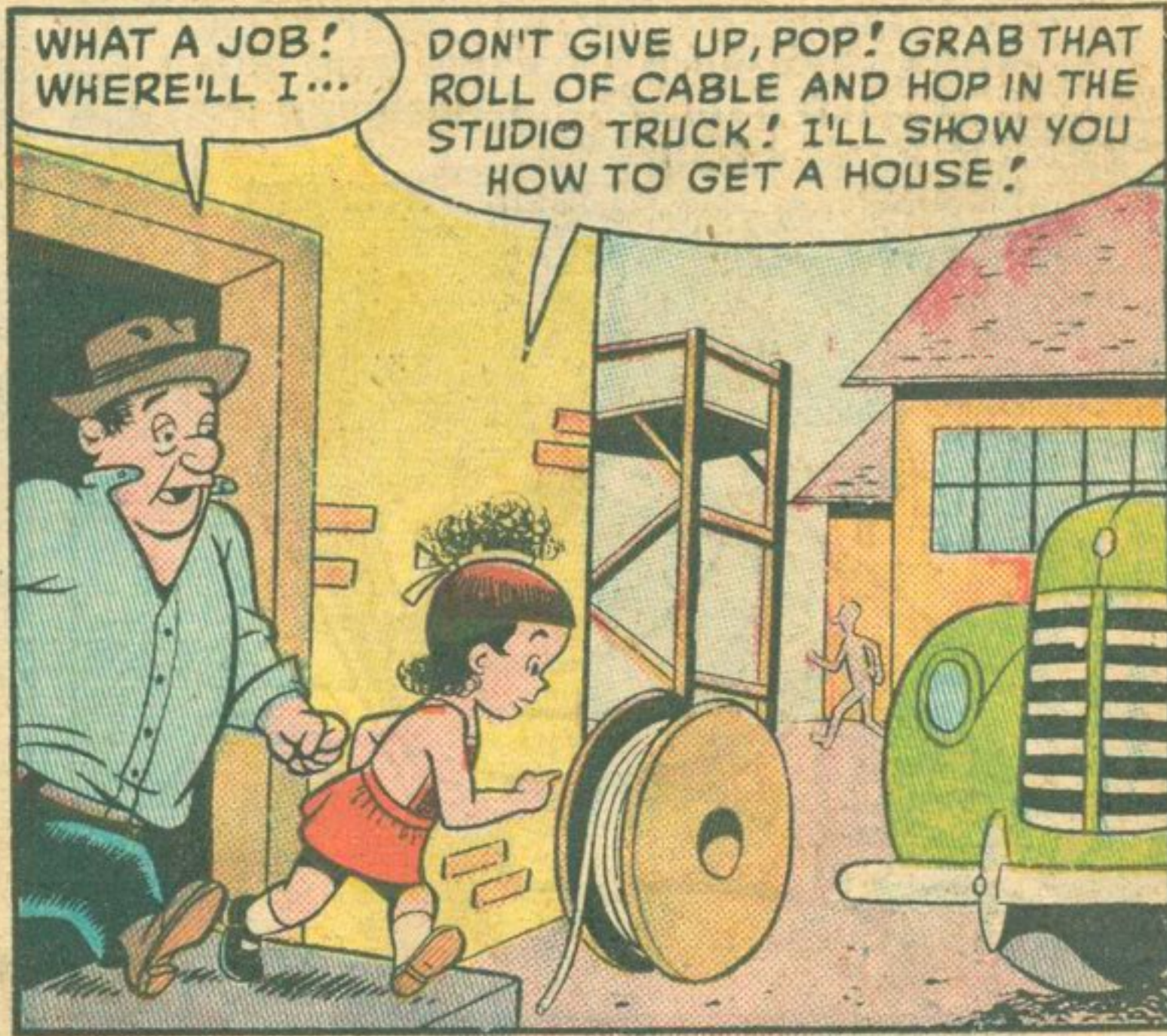


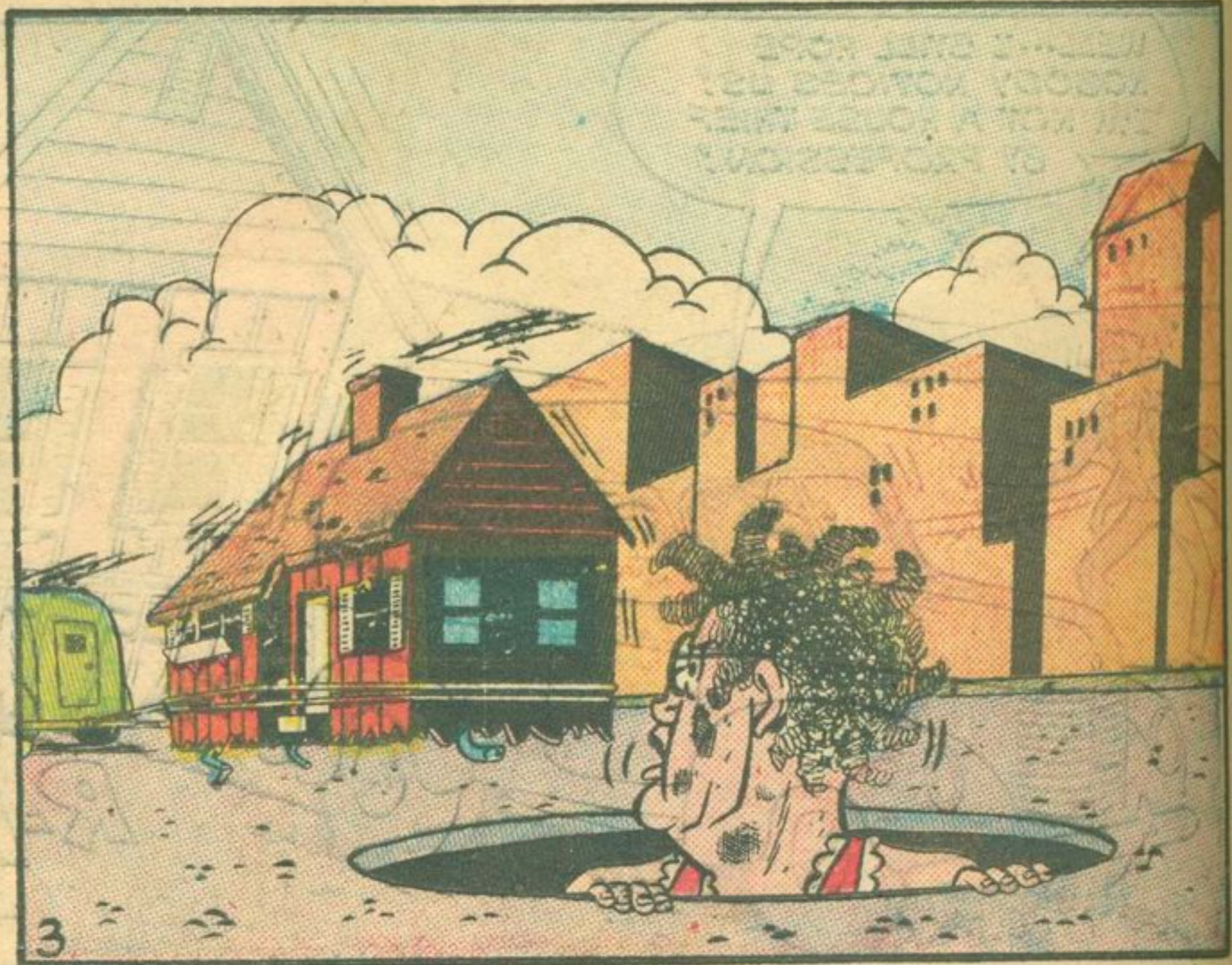
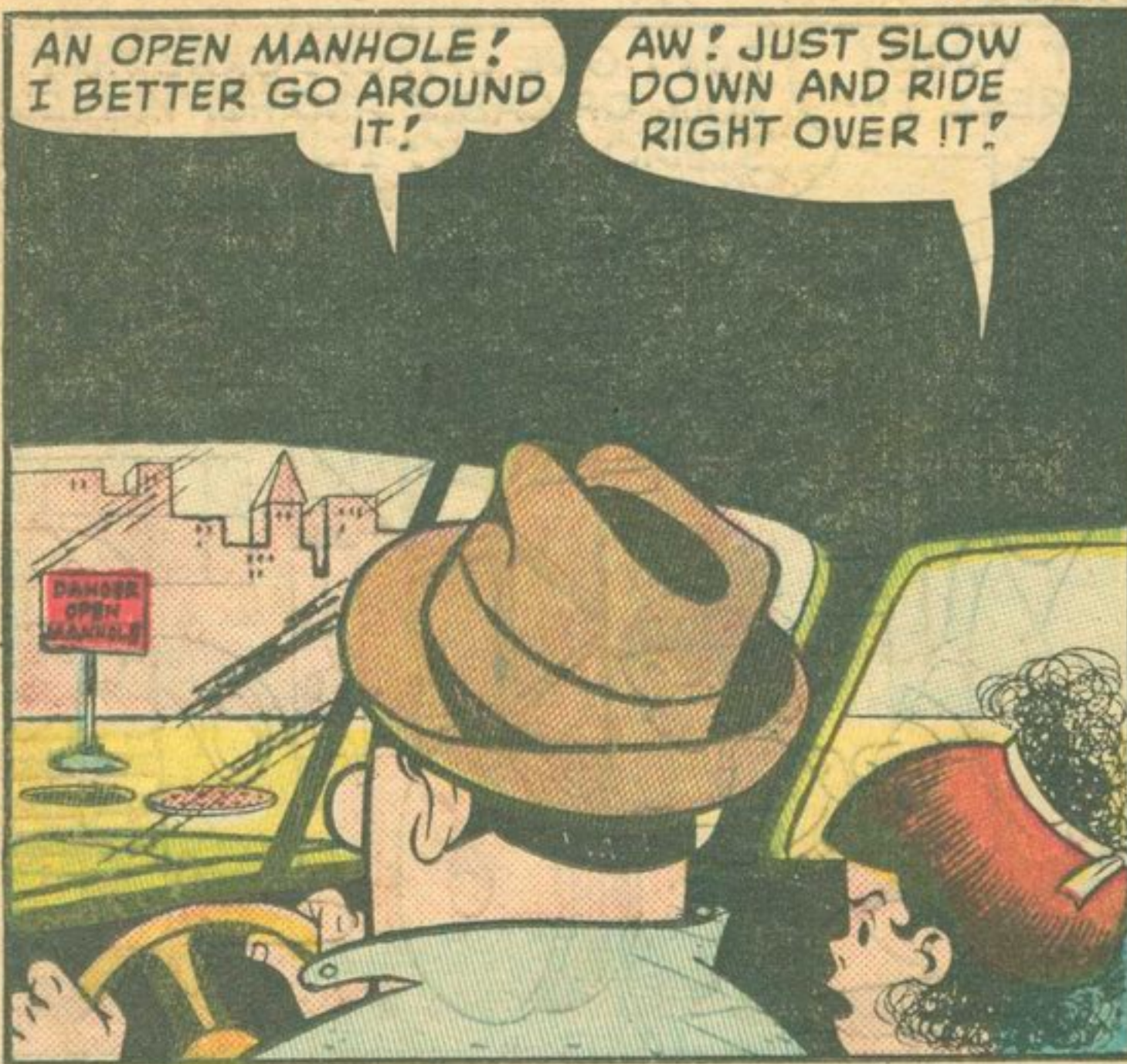




CITRONELLA



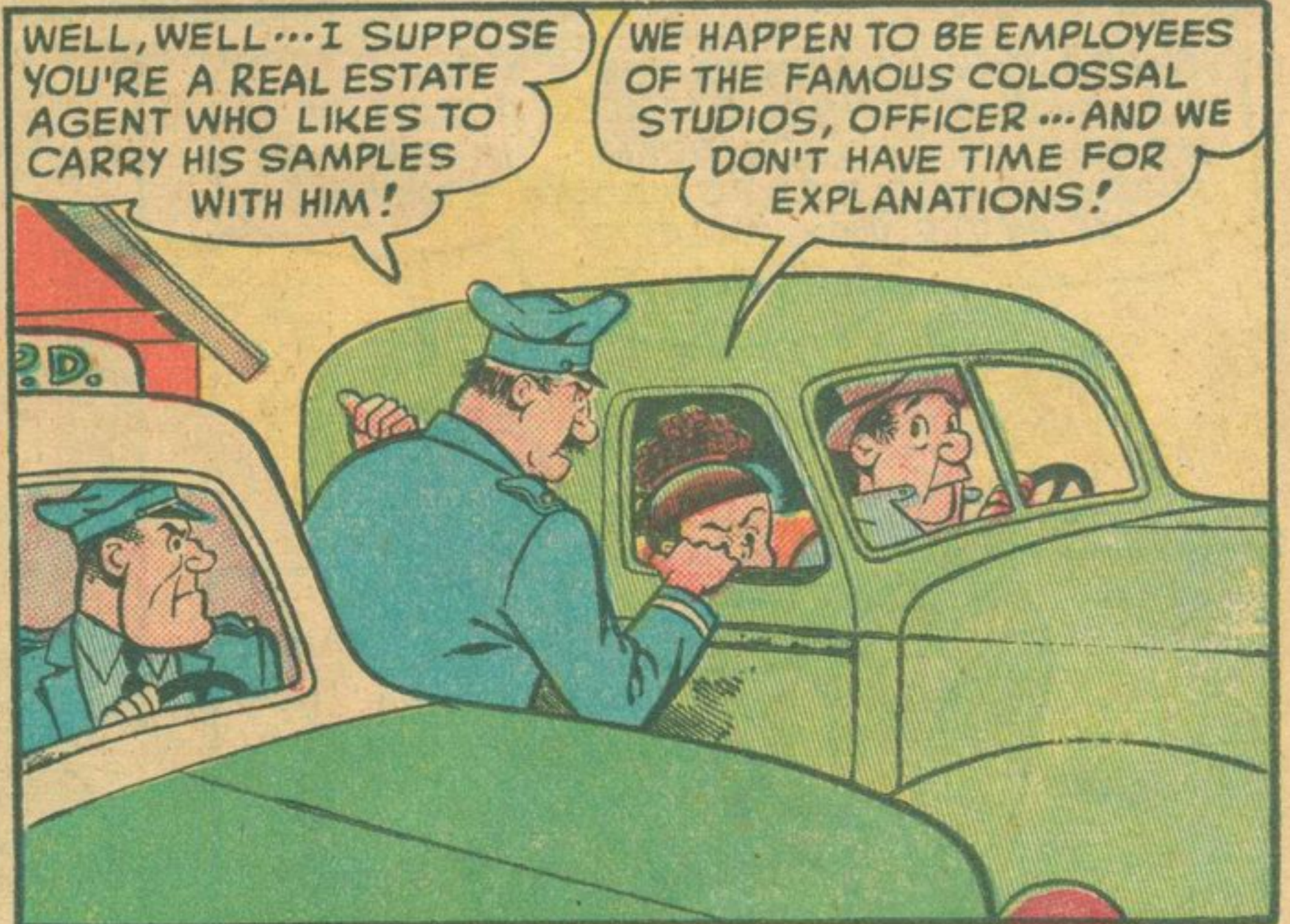






Soon... CALLING CAR THIRTY-FOUR!
HOUSE STOLEN FROM
FERNANDO AND VINE STREETS...LAST
SEEN BEING TOWED DOWN HOLLYWOOD
AVENUE! PROCEED WITH CAUTION...
THE THIEF MAY BE INSANE...

GOSH, THIS HOUSING
SHORTAGE IS MAKING
PEOPLE DESPERATE!
LET'S GO, AL!



WELL, WELL...I SUPPOSE
YOU'RE A REAL ESTATE
AGENT WHO LIKES TO
CARRY HIS SAMPLES
WITH HIM!

WE HAPPEN TO BE EMPLOYEES
OF THE FAMOUS COLOSSAL
STUDIOS, OFFICER...AND WE
DON'T HAVE TIME FOR
EXPLANATIONS!



IZZAT SO! WELL, YOU TWO WILL HAVE TIME
FOR **THIS** EXPLANATION! LET'S GO,
CURLY!

I WARN YOU, THE INFLUENCE
AND FINANCES OF COLOSSAL
STUDIOS ARE
BEHIND US!



I DEMAND THAT I BE
ALLOWED TO CALL
DIRECTOR SCENARIO!

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE
OLD GUY, DAN, WHILE THE
GIRL PHONES THE
STUDIO!

HOLLYWOOD
POLICE
DEPARTMENT





BLACK X



When the great silver idol of **KATMANDU** was stolen, its curse followed the men who had violated the sacred shrine! Black X solves the riddle of the mysterious power behind the murder of Jasper Swage!

Black X is called in to settle a bitter quarrel....

THE IDOL IS HALF MINE! I DEMAND MY SHARE!

TUT, TUT, GENTLEMEN! LET'S NOT LOSE OUR TEMPER!

HE'S TAKEN THE RUBY EYE OUT OF THE IDOL'S FORE-HEAD! I DEMAND THAT IT BE RETURNED AT ONCE!

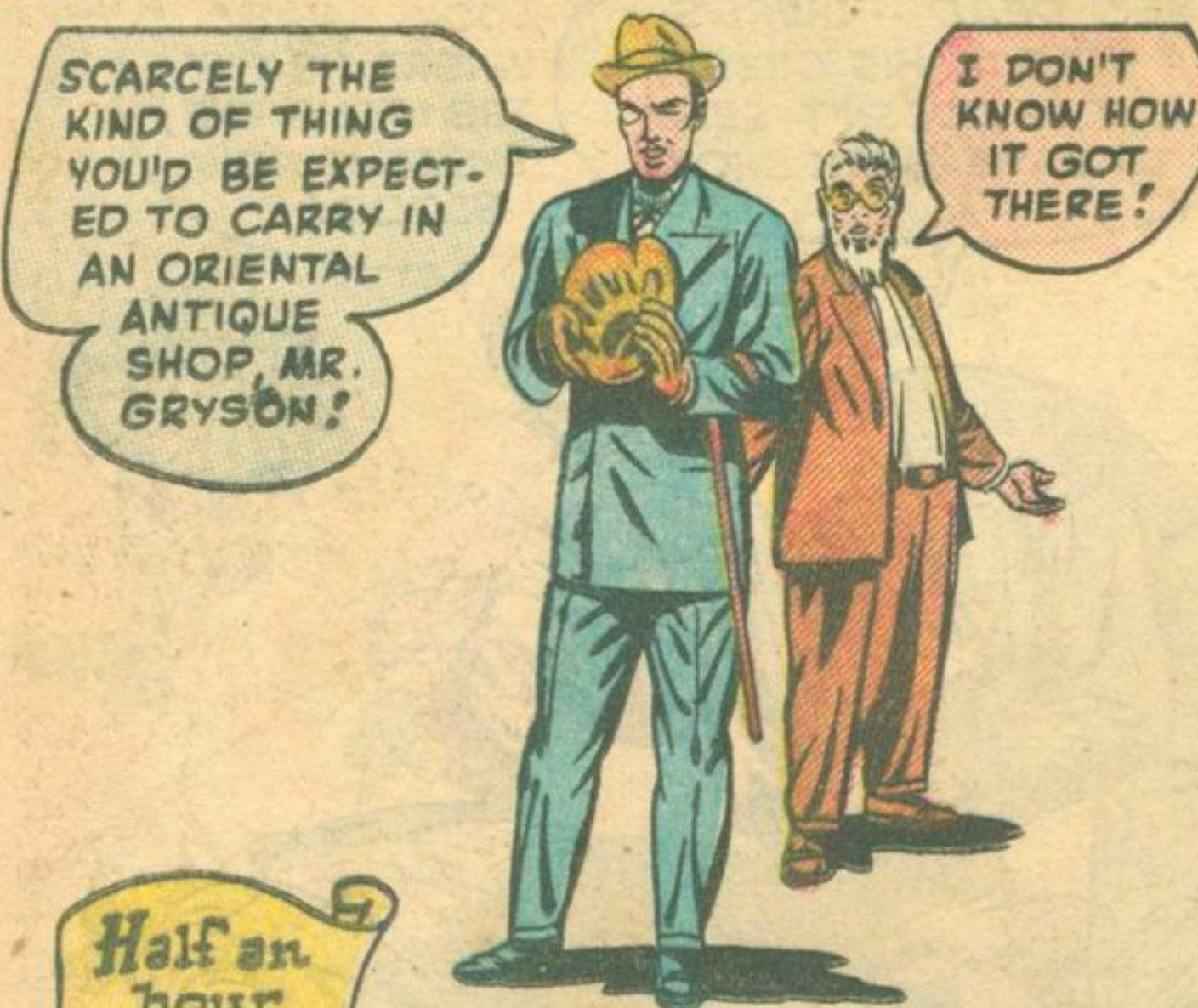
YOU CAN HAVE THE IDOL... I'LL KEEP THE RUBY EYE! THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH!

IF YOU CAN'T AGREE ON HOW TO SHARE THE IDOL, THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS GIVE SUCH A PRICELESS TREASURE TO A MUSEUM!

NEVER! I'LL POCKET THE EYE RIGHT NOW!









PERHAPS WE'D
BETTER INVESTIGATE!
LET ME TRY MY
SKELETON
KEYS!

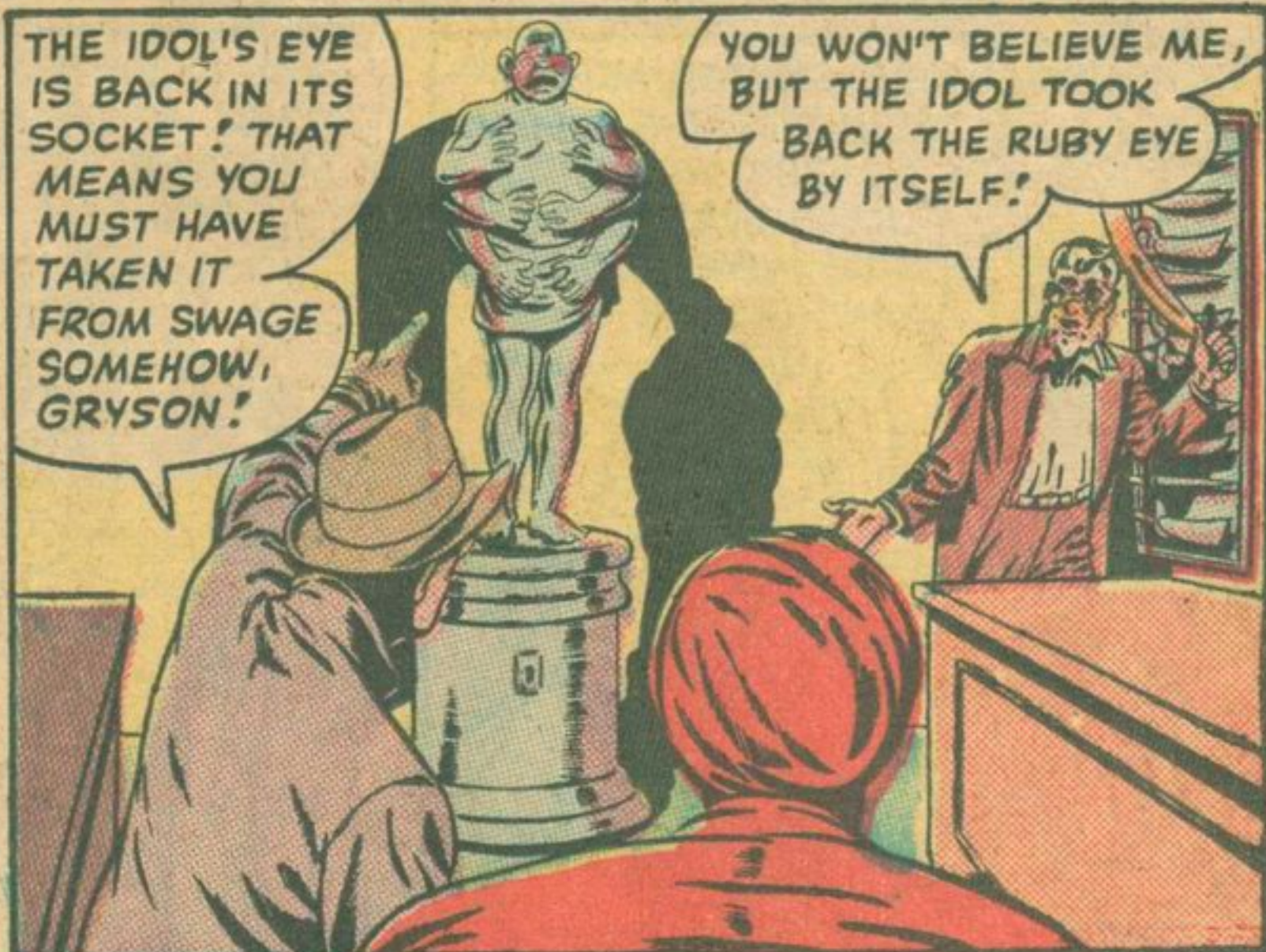


THE RUBY IS BACK
IN PLACE AGAIN! NOW
THE IDOL IS
COMPLETE!



WHA...! HOW
CLUMSY OF
ME!

BLACK X!
WHAT BROUGHT
YOU HERE?



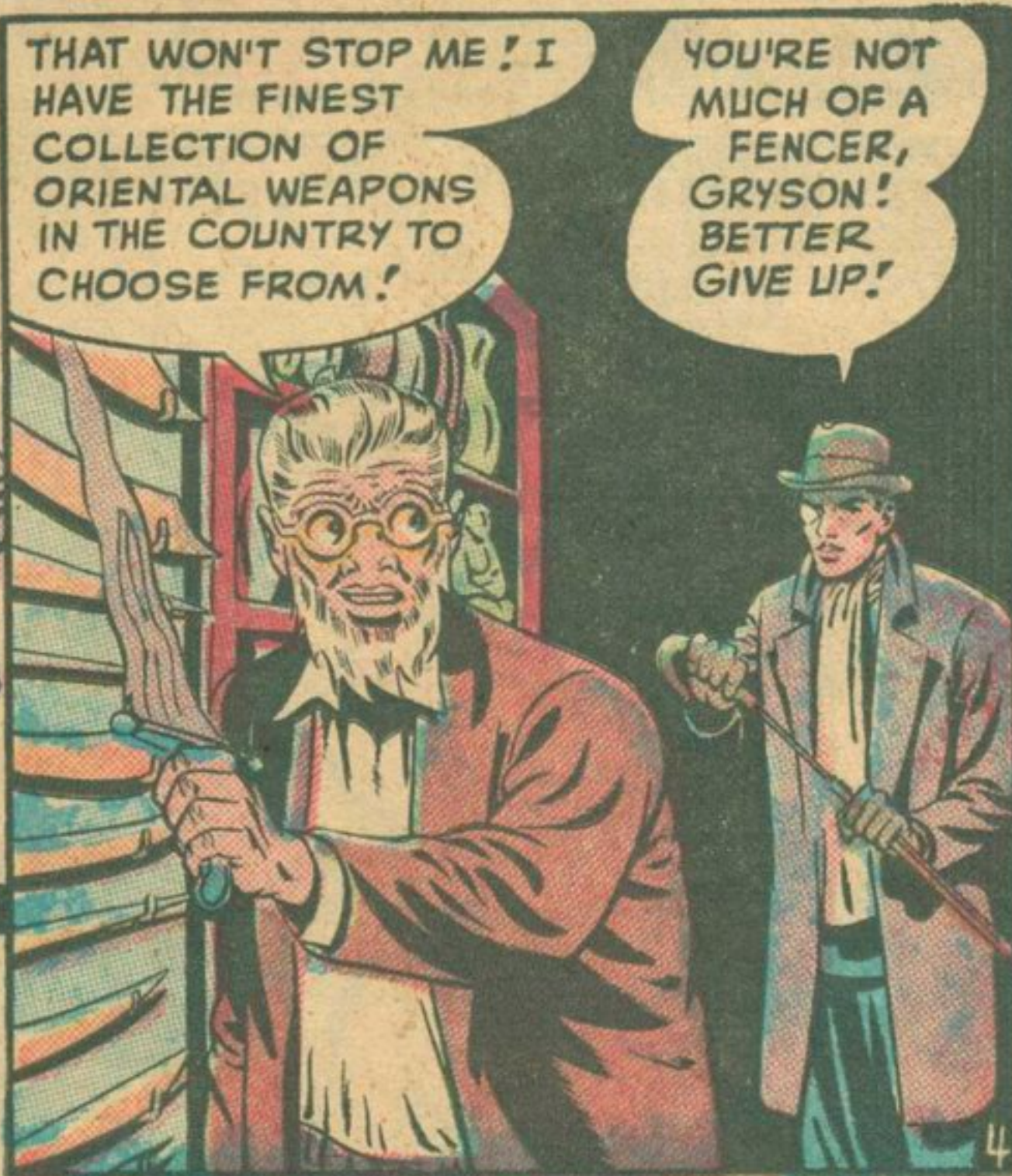
THE IDOL'S EYE
IS BACK IN ITS
SOCKET! THAT
MEANS YOU
MUST HAVE
TAKEN IT
FROM SWAGE
SOMEHOW,
GRYSON!

YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME,
BUT THE IDOL TOOK
BACK THE RUBY EYE
BY ITSELF!



YOU'LL TELL THE POLICE I KILLED
SWAGE! I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU
TO KEEP YOU QUIET...
OWWW!

THANK
YOU,
BATU!



THAT WON'T STOP ME! I
HAVE THE FINEST
COLLECTION OF
ORIENTAL WEAPONS
IN THE COUNTRY TO
CHOOSE FROM!

YOU'RE NOT
MUCH OF A
FENCER,
GRYSON!
BETTER
GIVE UP!



VERY CLUMSY, GRYSON!

NO! NO! DON'T STICK ME WITH THAT THING! I GIVE UP!



KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, BATU! WE KNOW HE MURDERED SWAGE TO GET BACK THE RUBY EYE OF THE IDOL! IT'S UP TO US TO FIND OUT **HOW!**

I HEAR AND OBEY!



THIS SWITCH MUST TURN OUT THE ELECTRIC LIGHT WHICH ILLUMINATES THE RUBY EYE FROM INSIDE THE IDOL!

WATCH OUT!



STAND BACK! YOU'LL NEVER HAND ME OVER TO THE POLICE!

THERE CAN BE TWO OPINIONS ABOUT THAT!



THAT'S FUNNY! THE SWITCH DOESN'T TURN OUT THE LIGHT AFTER ALL!

DON'T MEDDLE WITH THE IDOL, BLACK X! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO SWAGE!



I MAY AS WELL KILL YOU NOW, AS LATER! **HEY!**

BRAVO, BATU!



I'VE GOT HIM!

HELP! MY PISTOL IS BEING PULLED FROM MY HAND!



HOLD ONTO HIM, BATU! WE'LL NEED HIM FOR THE POLICE, NOW THAT WE KNOW HE MURDERED SWAGE!

HE WILL REMAIN QUIET AFTER THIS BLOW, SAHIB!



THE IDOL SNATCHED THE GUN FROM HIS HAND... NOW LET'S SEE...

IT WASN'T MAGIC, EITHER! ONLY SCIENCE... SIMPLE, BUT AMAZING!

CLANK!

BANG!



ELECTRIC WIRES! THEY WERE ATTACHED TO THE IDOL! IT IS MADE OF SILVER...

REALLY A SPECIAL SILVER ALLOY, A POWERFUL CONDUCTOR! GRYSON WIRED IT AND MADE IT A MIGHTY ELECTRO-MAGNET! THAT'S WHAT DREW THE METAL WEAPONS TO IT WHEN I THREW THE SWITCH THE FIRST TIME!



BEWARE THE RUBY, SAHIB! IT IS CURSED... IT CAUSED DEATH!

NOT WITH THE ELECTRIC CURRENT OFF! THE MAGNETIZED IDOL EXERTED A GREAT PULL ON THE RUBY'S SETTING... PULLED IT **CLEAR THROUGH** SWAGE'S BODY! THEN GRYSON CUT THE POWER AND CAUGHT THE JEWEL IN THE CATCHER'S MITT!



When the police arrive...

...AND THAT EXPLAINS THE MURDER OF SWAGE! GRYSON GOES TO JAIL, THE IDOL TO A MUSEUM, WHERE IT BELONGS!

WE NEVER SUSPECTED HIM! HE'LL BE DOUBLE GUARDED UNTIL HE PAYS FOR HIS CRIME!



NOW YOU UNDERSTAND, BATU! THE WHOLE EXPLANATION IS A SCIENTIFIC ONE!

YES, BUT STILL... THE IDOL DID REVENGE ITSELF ON THE TWO MEN WHO QUARRELLED OVER IT!

LADY LUCK

By Klaus Nordling

I CAHN'T UNDEHSTAND HOW I COULD HAVE SLEPT THROUGH IT ALL--- I'M REAHLLY A VEDDY LIGHT SLEEPER-- BUT ACTUAHLLY, MY DEAH, WHEN I AWOKED THIS MOHNING I FOUND MY JEWELRY GONE!!



NO, I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A THING, IN THE HOPE THAT YOU'D FIND SOME CLUES, LADY LUCK--

THIS PERFUME BOTTLE IS THE ONLY THING OUT OF PLACE.. STRANGE THAT IT DIDN'T AWAKEN YOU WHEN IT FELL TO THE FLOOR!



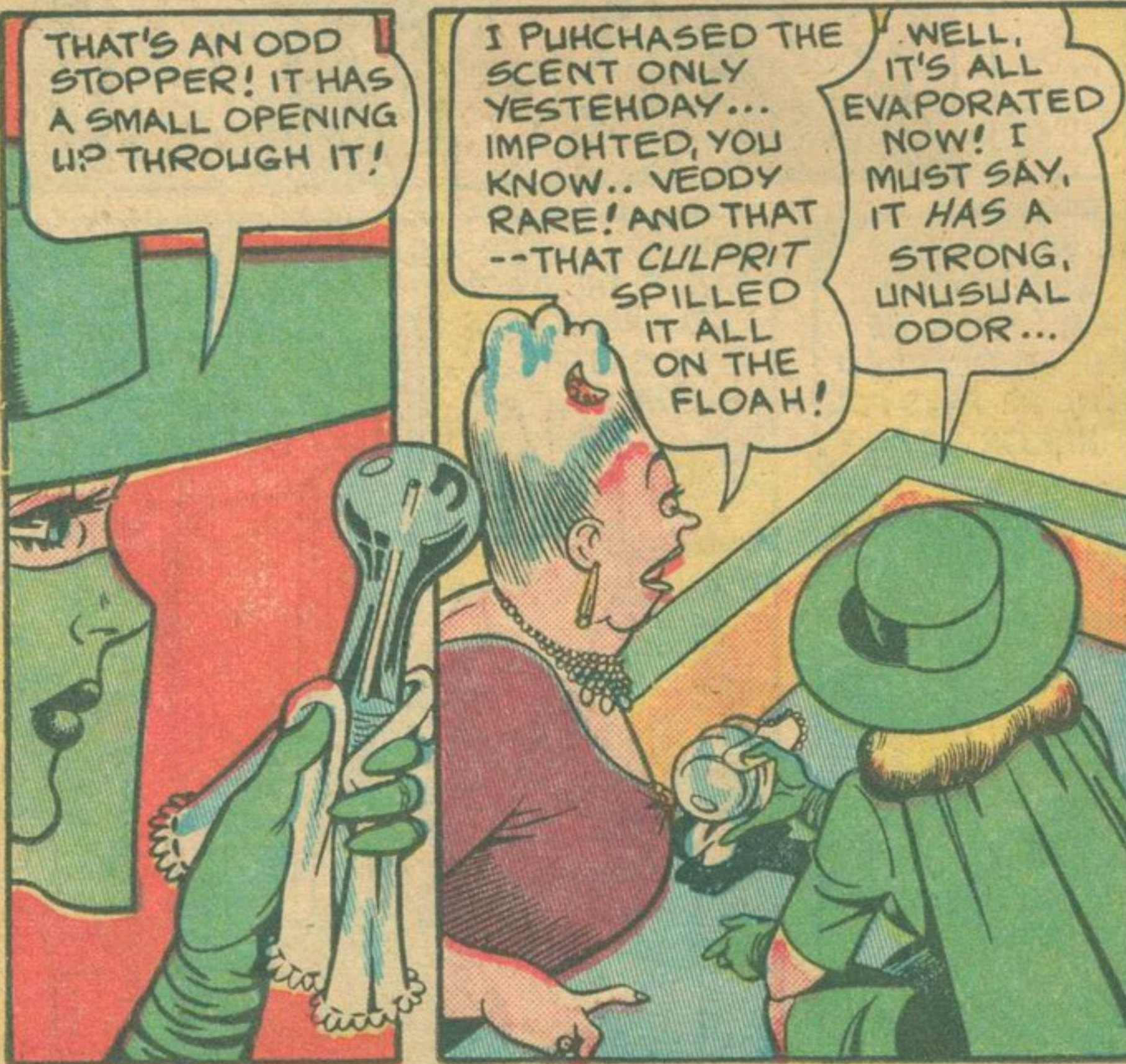
THAT'S AN ODD STOPPER! IT HAS A SMALL OPENING UP THROUGH IT!

I PURCHASED THE SCENT ONLY YESTERDAY... IMPOHTEED, YOU KNOW.. VEDDY RARE! AND THAT --THAT CULPRIT SPILLED IT ALL ON THE FLOAH!

WELL, IT'S ALL EVAPORATED NOW! I MUST SAY, IT HAS A STRONG, UNUSUAL ODOR...

I'M SORRY, MRS. RUMFORD-RITZ, THERE'S NO OBVIOUS CLUE! THERE HAVE BEEN MANY SUCH ROBBERIES OF LATE --YOU'D BETTER CALL IN THE POLICE--

OH, DEAH-- I HAD HOPED TO AVOID THE PUBLICITY-- BUT-- OH, VEDDY WELL!





AT HOME AGAIN, LADY LUCK REASSUMES HER IDENTITY AS BRENDA BANKS, SOCIETY GIRL...

I HATE TO ADMIT I'M STYMIED....



THIS MUST BE THE NEW SHOP I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT... I'VE BEEN PLANNING TO DROP IN ... WHY NOT NOW?

Jean Radish
PARFUMEUR



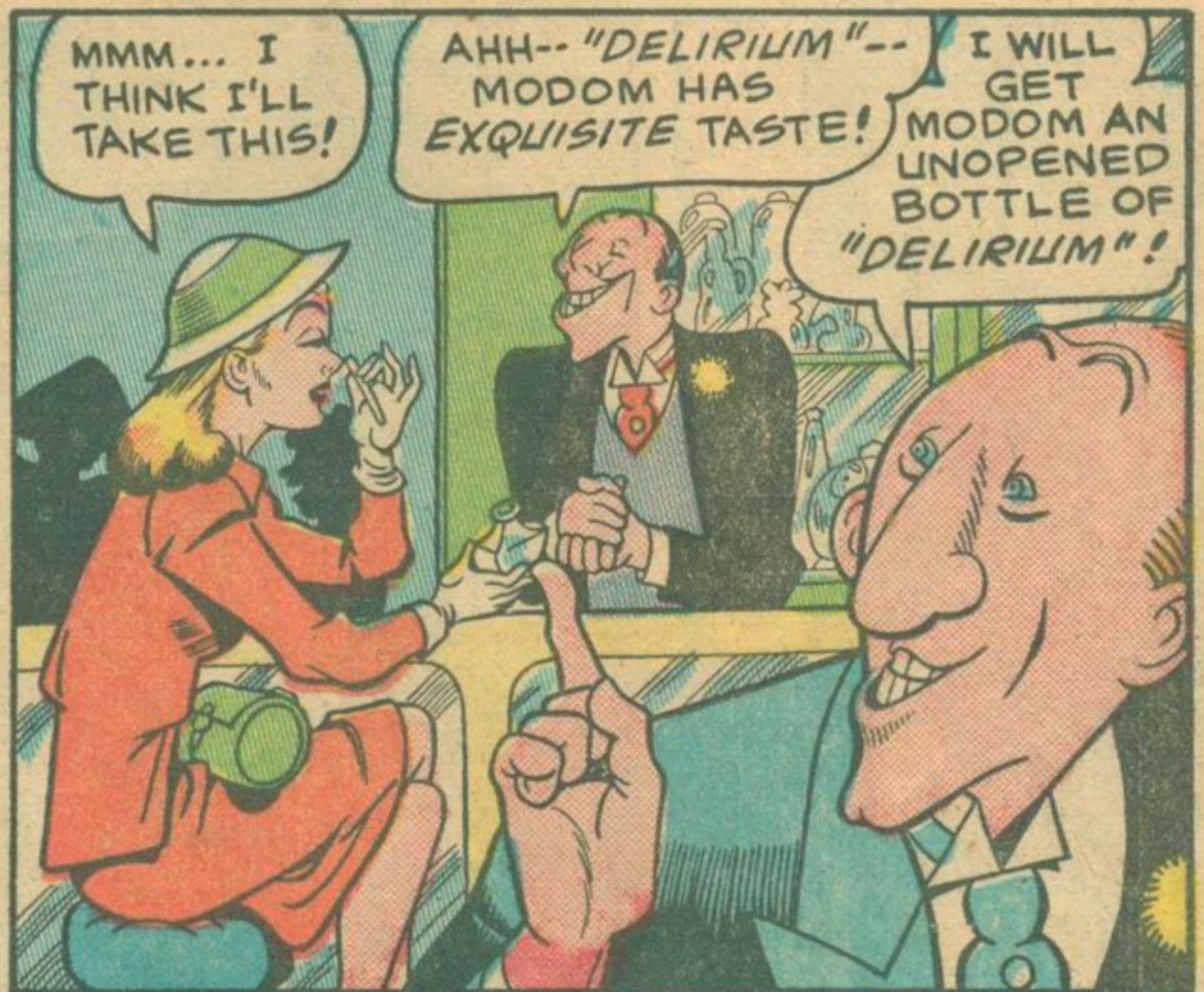
IMPORTED PERFUMES ARE NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND THESE DAYS!

AND HERE THEY SELL THE VERY FINEST, DAHLING!



MODOM WOULD LIKE SOMETHING EXCLUSIVE? "SHUDDER"?--- "RECLUSE" PERHAPS?

SOMETHING EXOTIC, PERHAPS? "ENSNARING"? "DROOL OF ENCHANTMENT"?



MMM... I THINK I'LL TAKE THIS!

AHH-- "DELIRIUM"-- MODOM HAS EXQUISITE TASTE!

I WILL GET MODOM AN UNOPENED BOTTLE OF "DELIRIUM"!

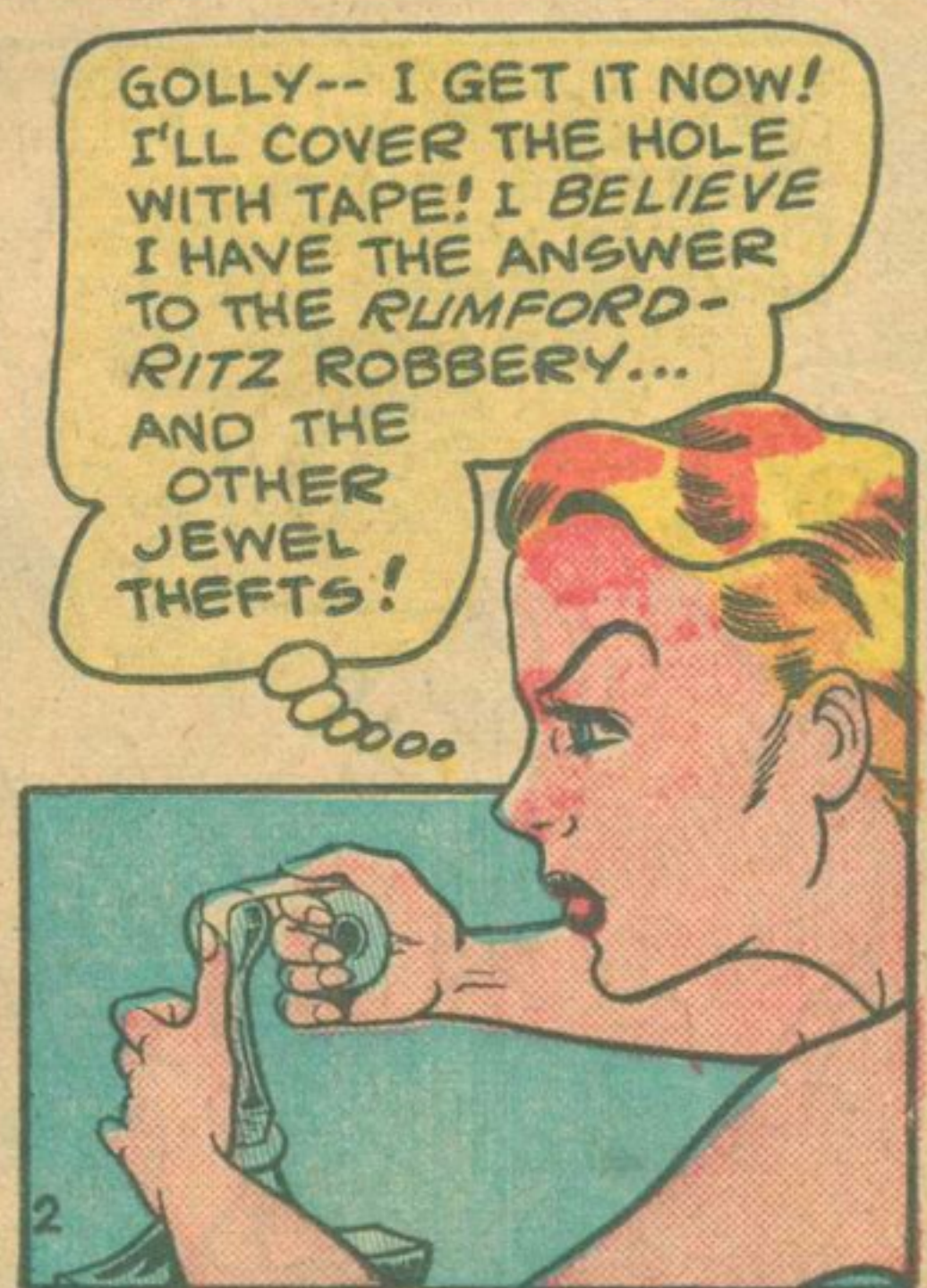


HERE WE ARE! YOUR NAME, PLEASE, MODOM? ... AND ADDRESS... FOR OUR MAILING LIST, YOU KNOW....

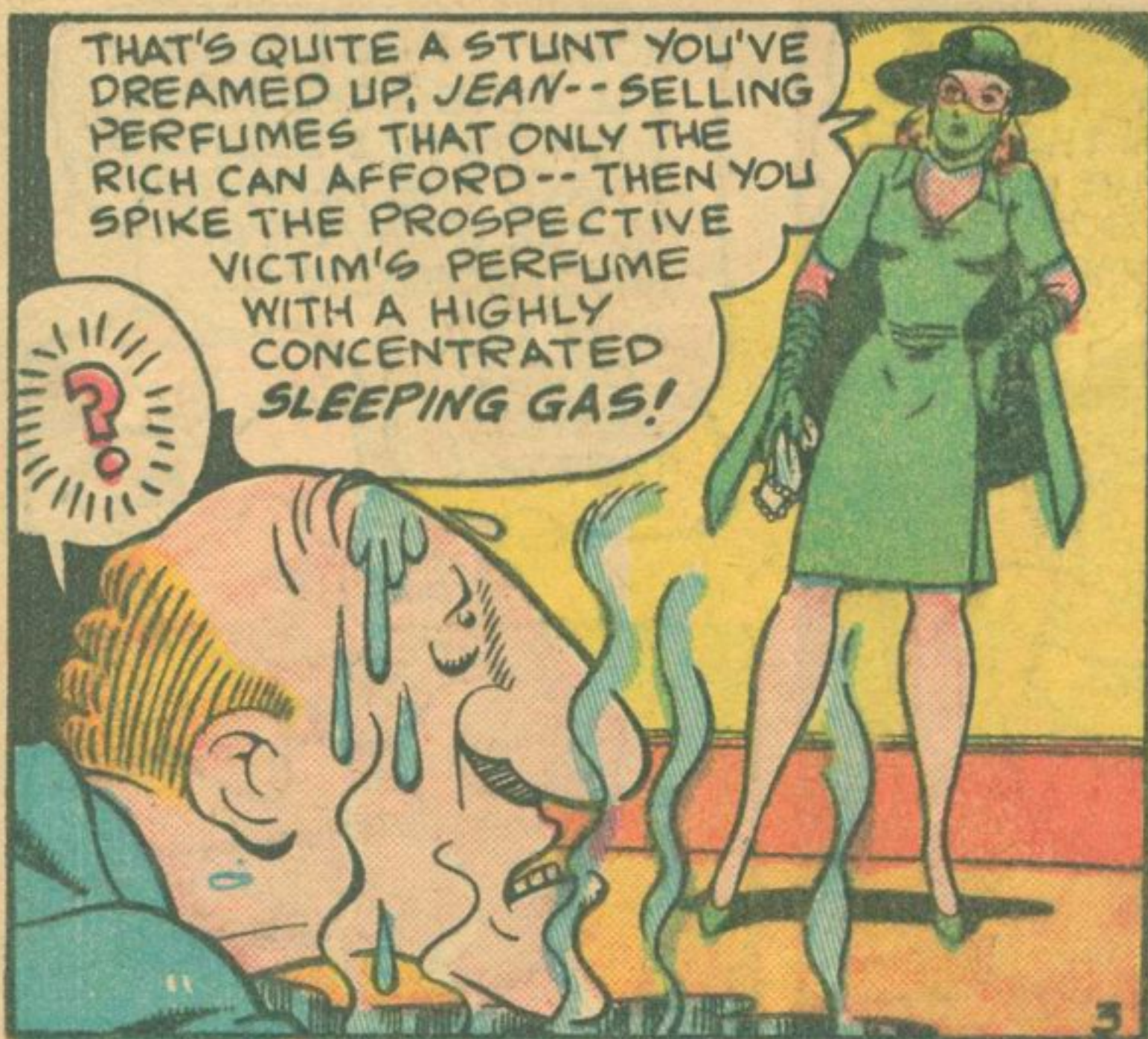


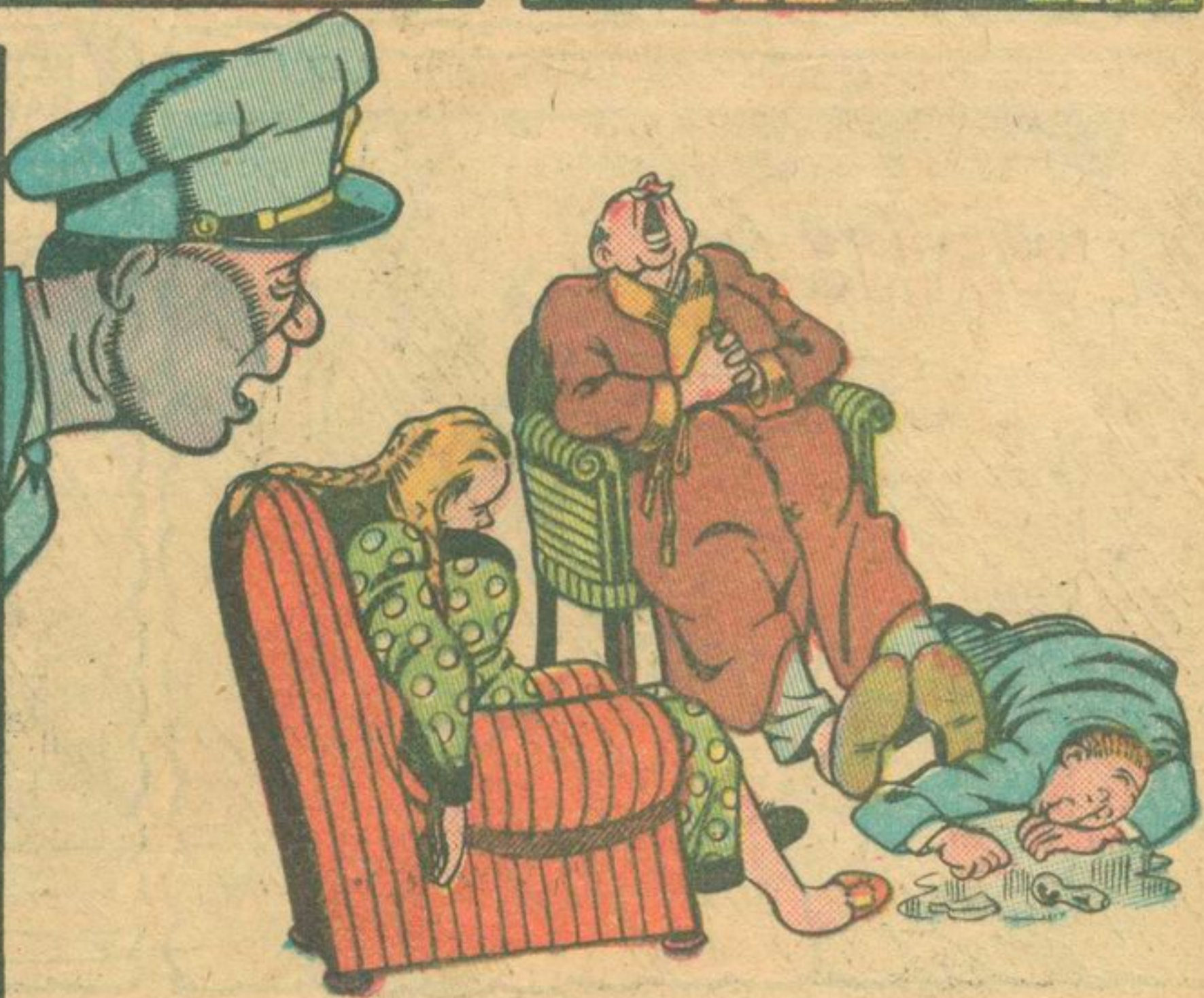
LATER THAT EVENING

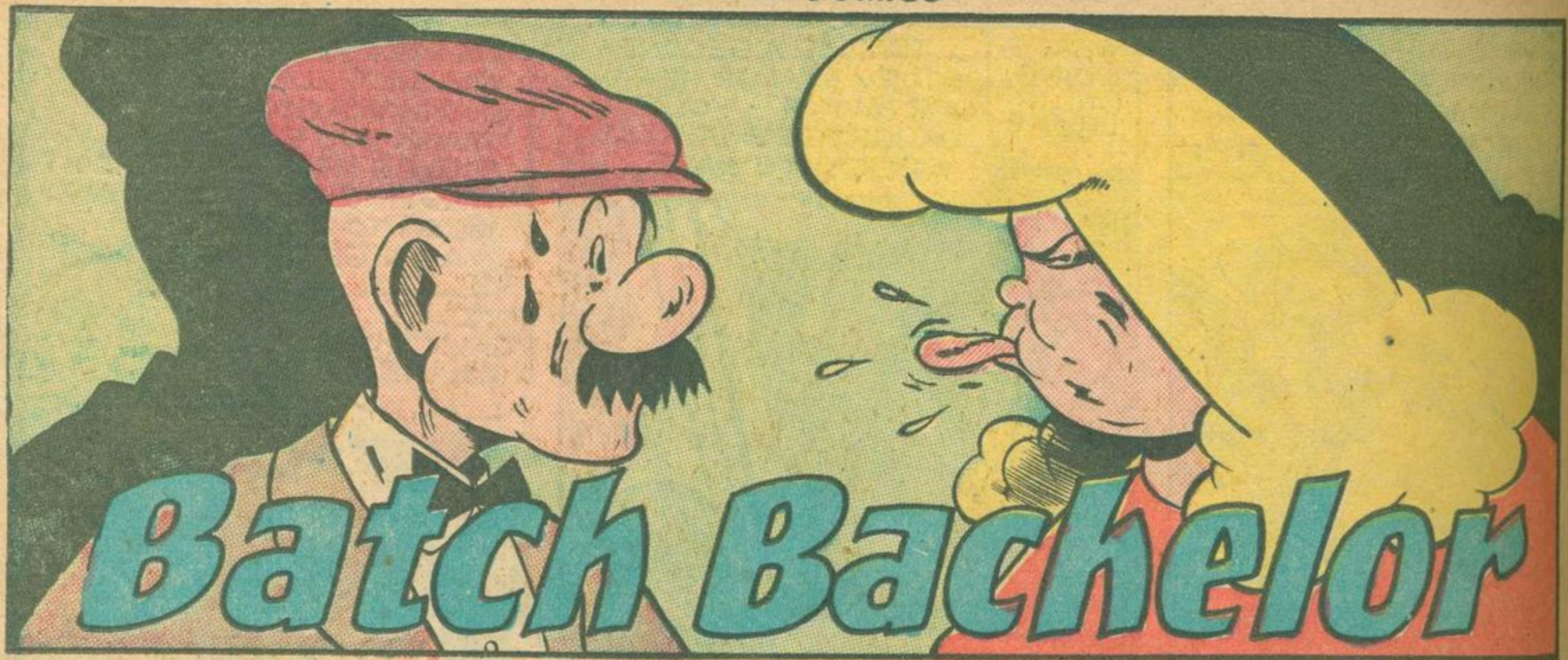
QUEER... I DIDN'T NOTICE IT IN THE SHOP.. THE SAME PECULIAR ODOR THAT MRS. RUMFORD-RITZ'S BOTTLE HAD! AND THE SAME STOPPER WITH A CHANNEL THROUGH IT!

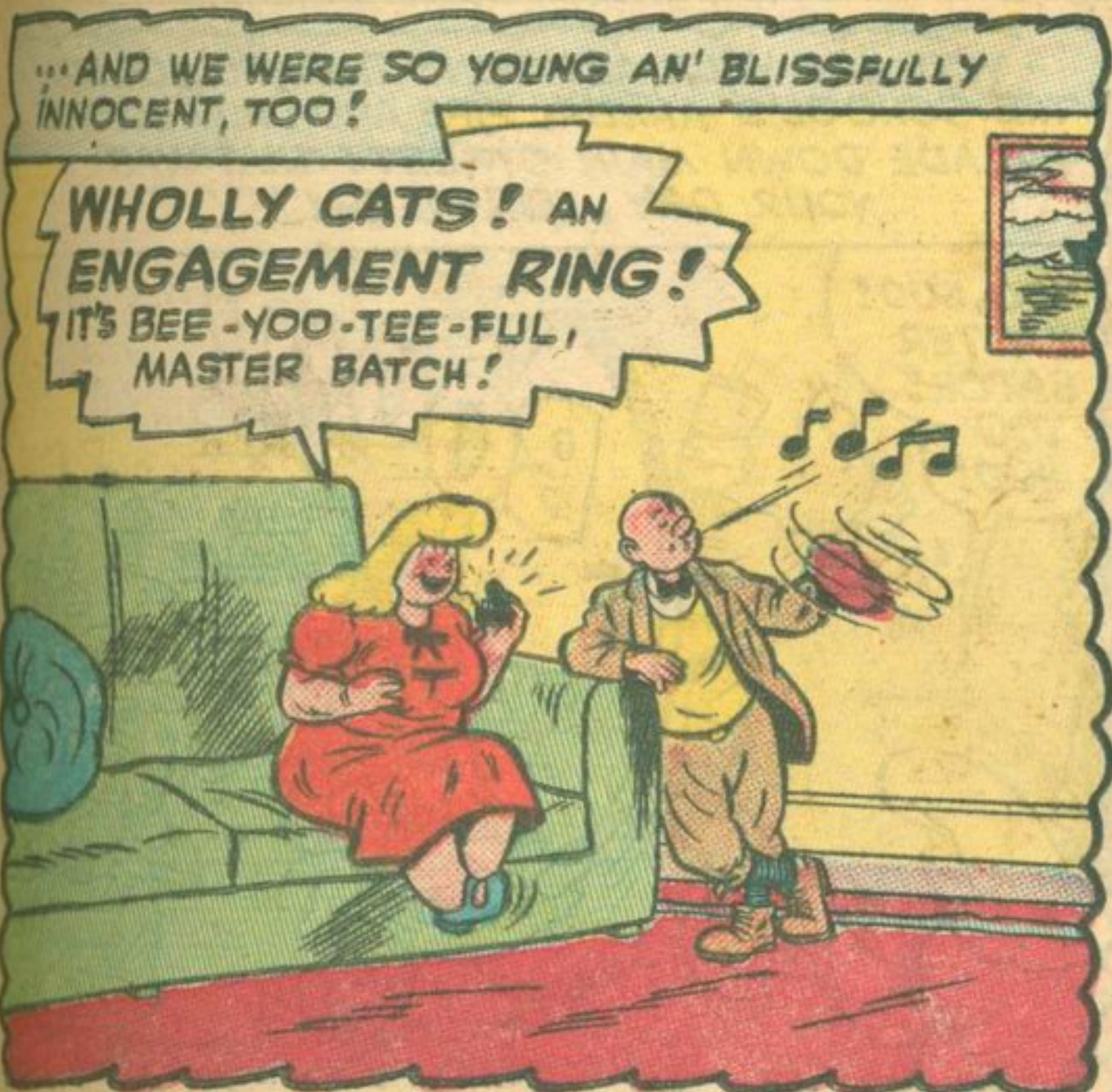
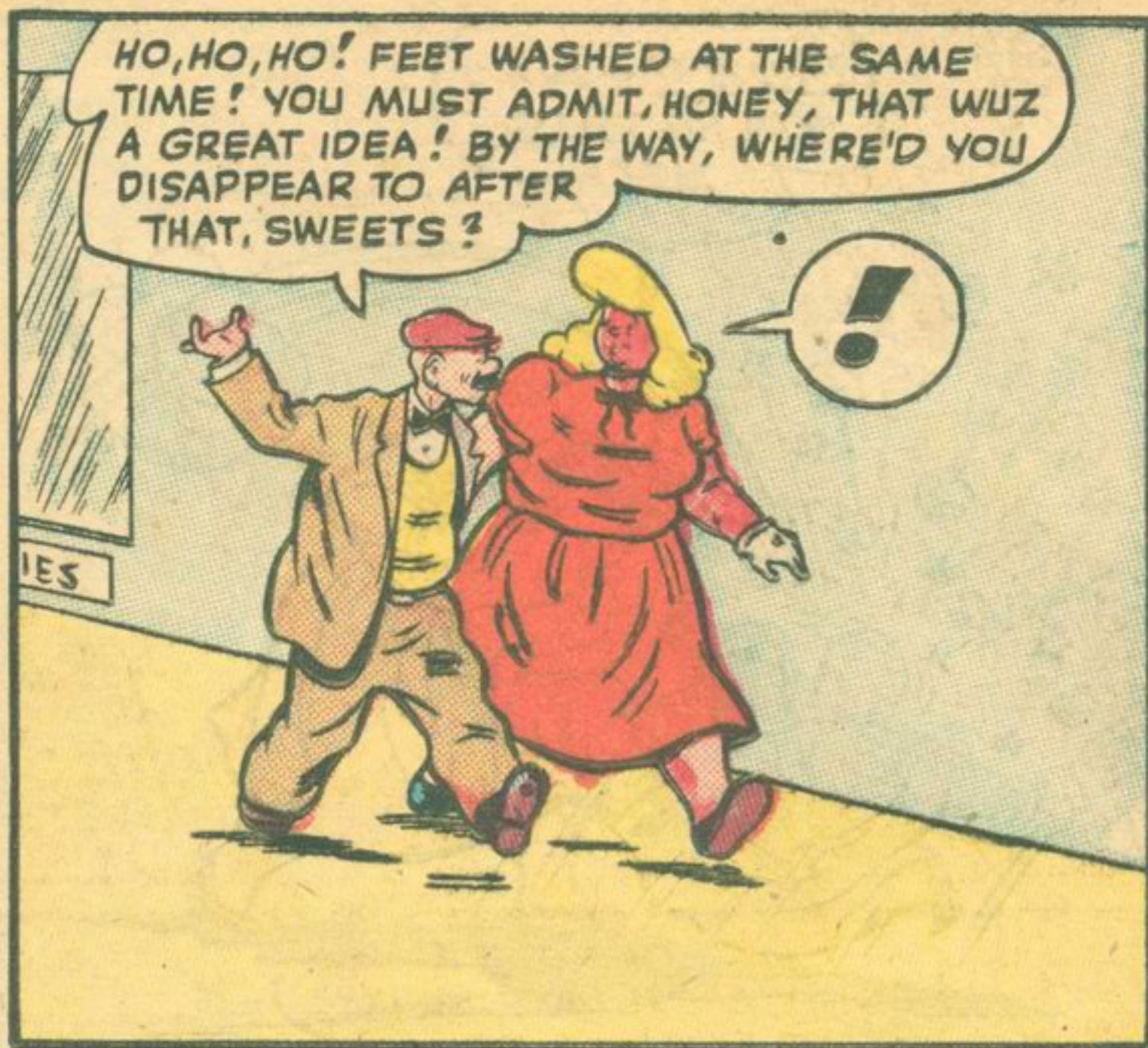


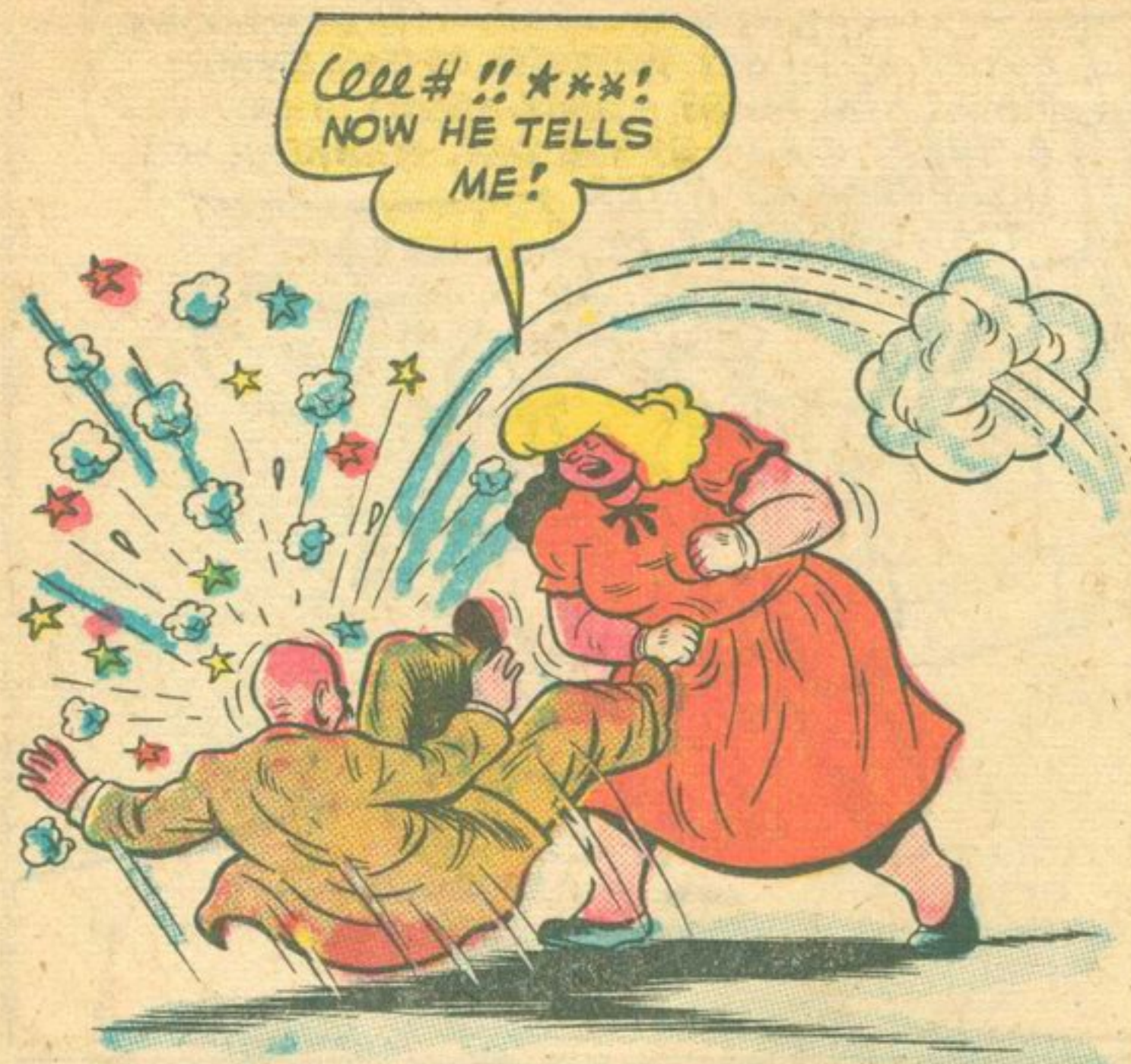
GOLLY-- I GET IT NOW! I'LL COVER THE HOLE WITH TAPE! I BELIEVE I HAVE THE ANSWER TO THE RUMFORD-RITZ ROBBERY... AND THE OTHER JEWEL THEFTS!









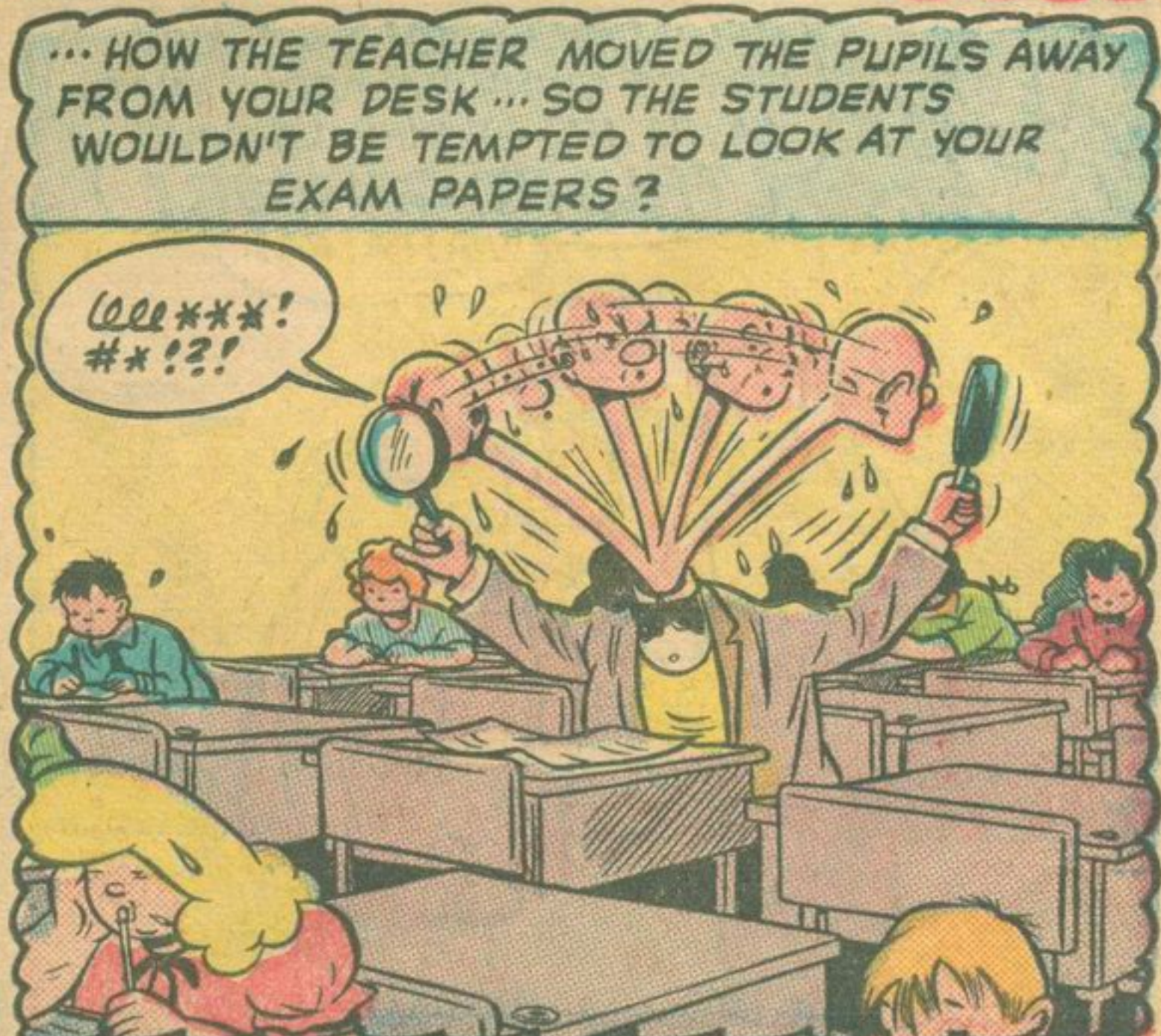
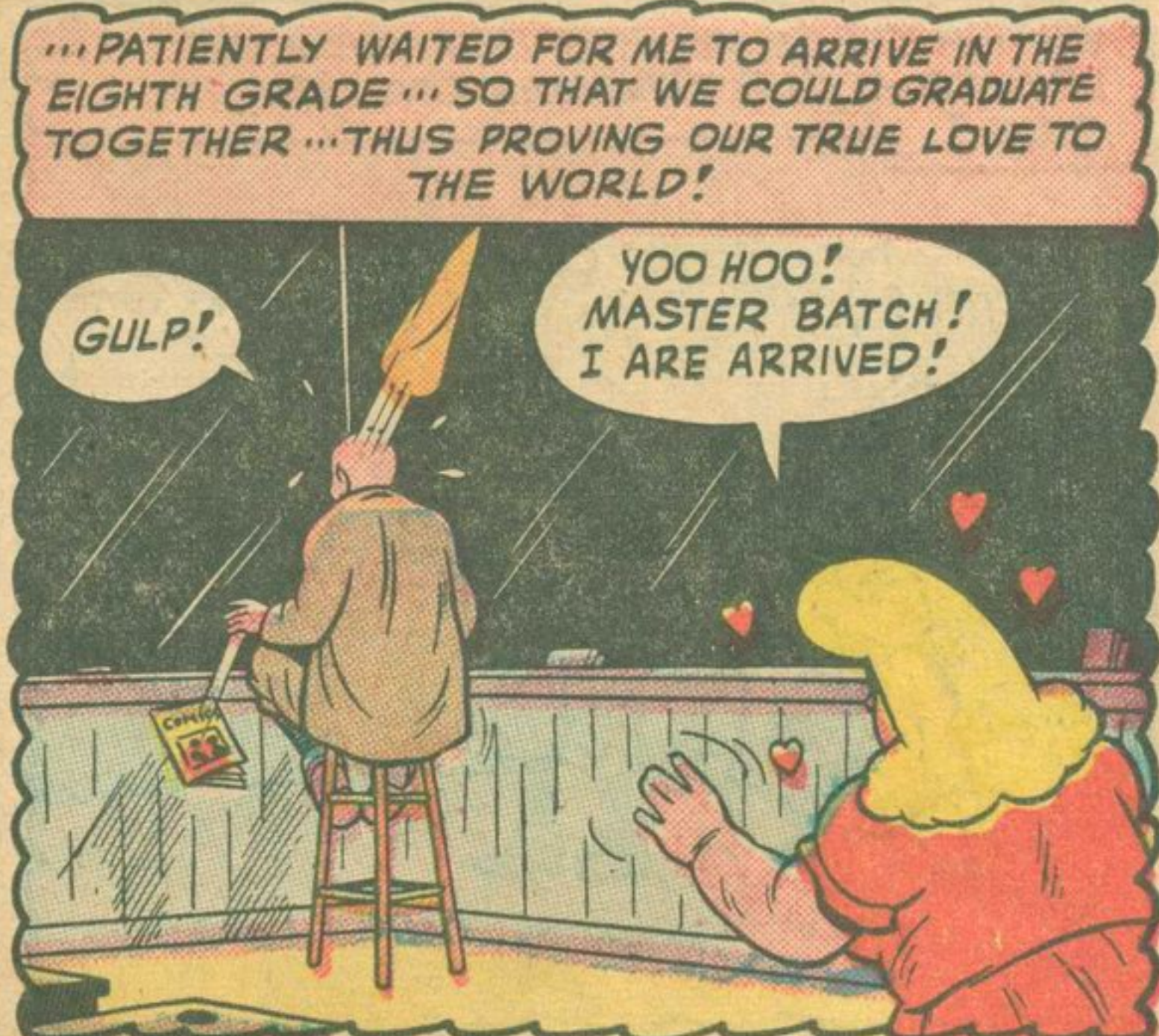
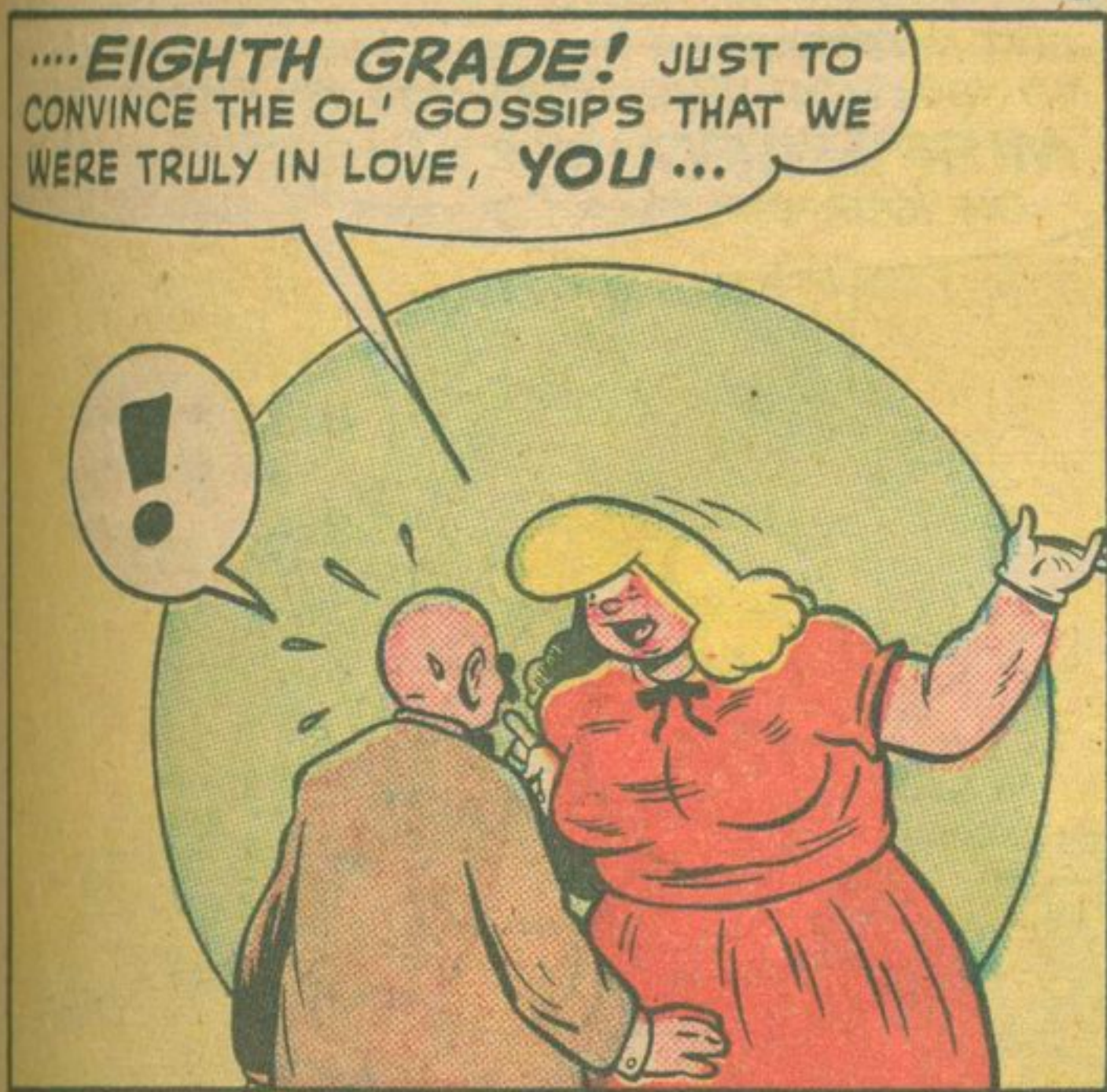


... YOU GOT HIM TO PAY FOR BASS DRUM LESSONS AT TEN DOLLARS A CLIP SO'S YOU COULD PREPARE FOR A AUDITION! JUST WHEN YOUR FATHER WENT BROKE, PROFESSOR DANTE SAID YOU WERE READY FOR YOUR AUDITION... SO-O-O...



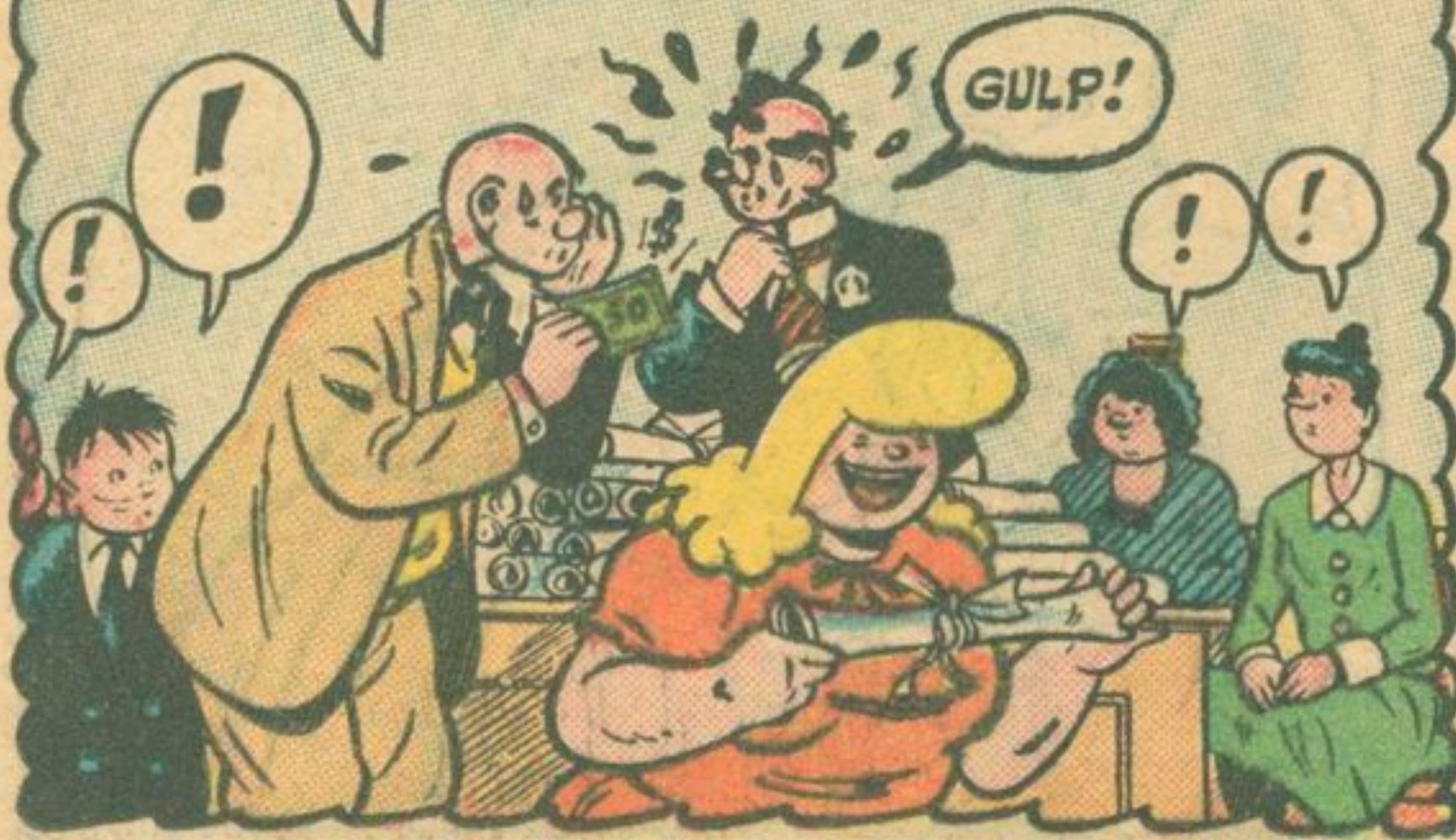
... YOU HAD YOUR AUDITION! THEN FOLLOWED THE SCHOOL'S ANNUAL FIFE AND DRUM CORPSE PARADE DOWN MAIN STREET! THAT WAS YOUR DAY, HON-NEE!





THEN GRADUATION DAY CAME! WASN'T IT THRILLING TO GET OUR SHEEPSKINS?

PSST! I BRUNG THE TEN BUCKS, MISTER PRINCIPAL, AS PER PRIVATE DISCUSSION! HAVE YOU GOT CHANGE FOR A **FIFTY**, BY THE WAY?

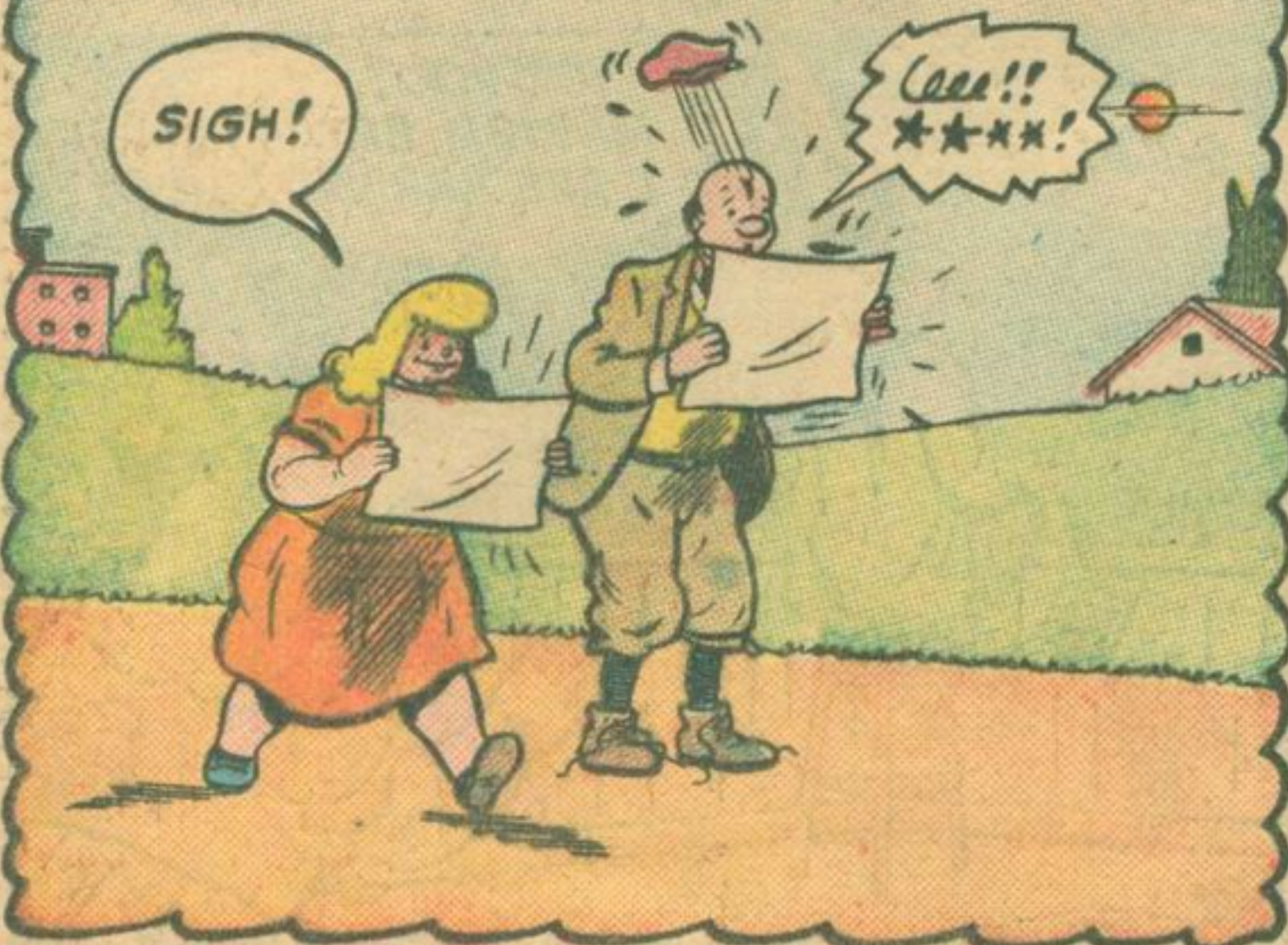


I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TULMULTUOUS OVATION THE AUDIENCE GAVE YOU WHEN YOU WALKED OFF THE STAGE WITH YOUR DIPLOMA!

YAAA! BRAVO! IT'SA 'BOUT TIME! HE FINALLY MADE IT! GOOD RIDDANCE! YEA! YEA!



WHAT A THRILL WE BOTH GOT WHEN WE LOOKED AT OUR DIPLOMAS FOR THE FIRST TIME!



THAT MUSTA BEEN AN AWFUL DISAPPOINTMENT TO YOU, HON-NEEE, WHEN YOU TOL' ME THEY **MISPELLED** YOUR NAME ON YOUR DIPLOMA!

IS THAT WHAT I TOL' YOU...ER, AH...I MEAN... WELL, MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN!



HA! HA! HO, HO, HO! I...I JUST GOT TO THINKING ABOUT THAT... HA, HA, HA... FUNNY-LOOKING **TRUANT OFFICER!** HA! HA! HA!

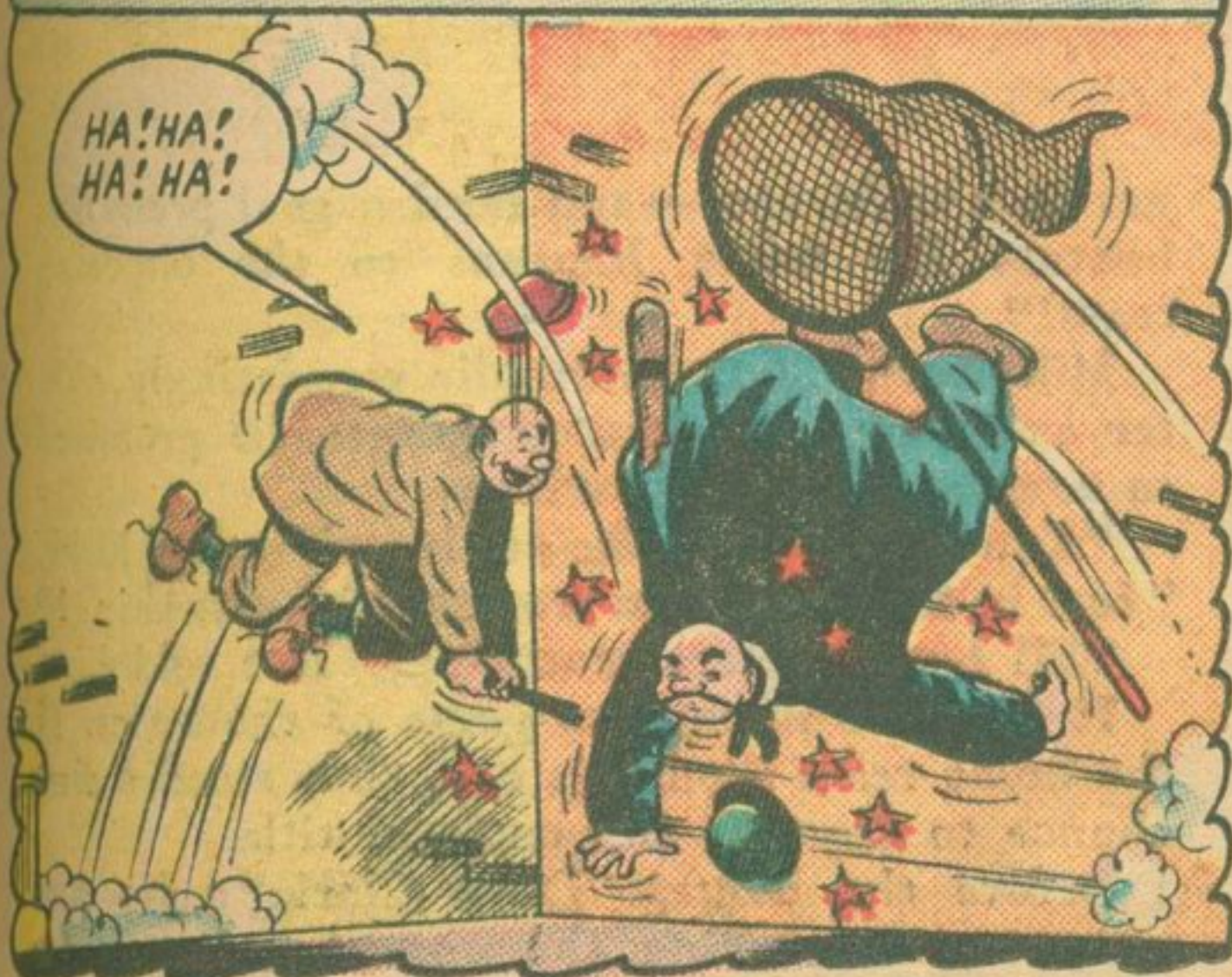


WILL YOU EVER FORGET THE DAY THE TRUANT OFFICER SPOTTED YOU IN A **BURLESQUE** T'EEATER AN' THOUGHT YOU WERE PLAYING HOOKEY! BUT WHEN HE WENT TO GRAB YOU...YOU KICKED HIM IN THE SHINS... THEN...HA! HA! HE CHASED YOU OUT OF THE T'EEATER, DOWN THE STREET...

HA! HA! HO! HO!



...VERY CUTE LIKE, YOU HA! HA! WAITED FER HIM 'ROUND THE CORNER OF A BUILDING WITH A **BASEBALL BAT**...



... AND THEN ...HO! HO! YOU DRAGGED HIM OFF ...HO! HO! THIS IS THE FUNNY PART... YOU ... HA! HA!



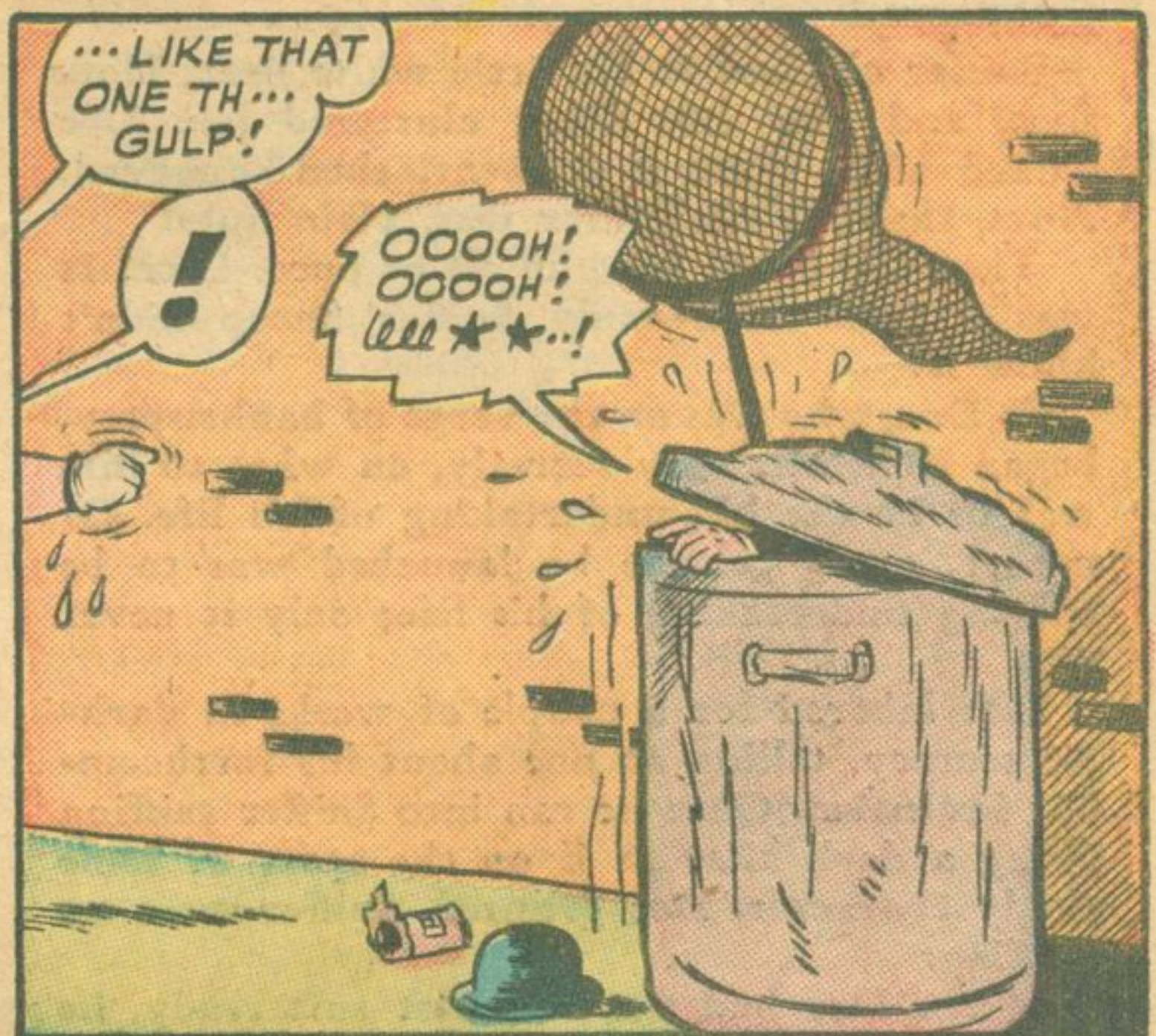
... THREW HIM ... HA! HA! ... INTO AN OL' **GARBAGE CAN** ... HA! HA! ...

HA! HA!
HO! HO!



... LIKE THAT ONE TH ... GULP!

OOOOH!
OOOOH!
Ulll ★★...

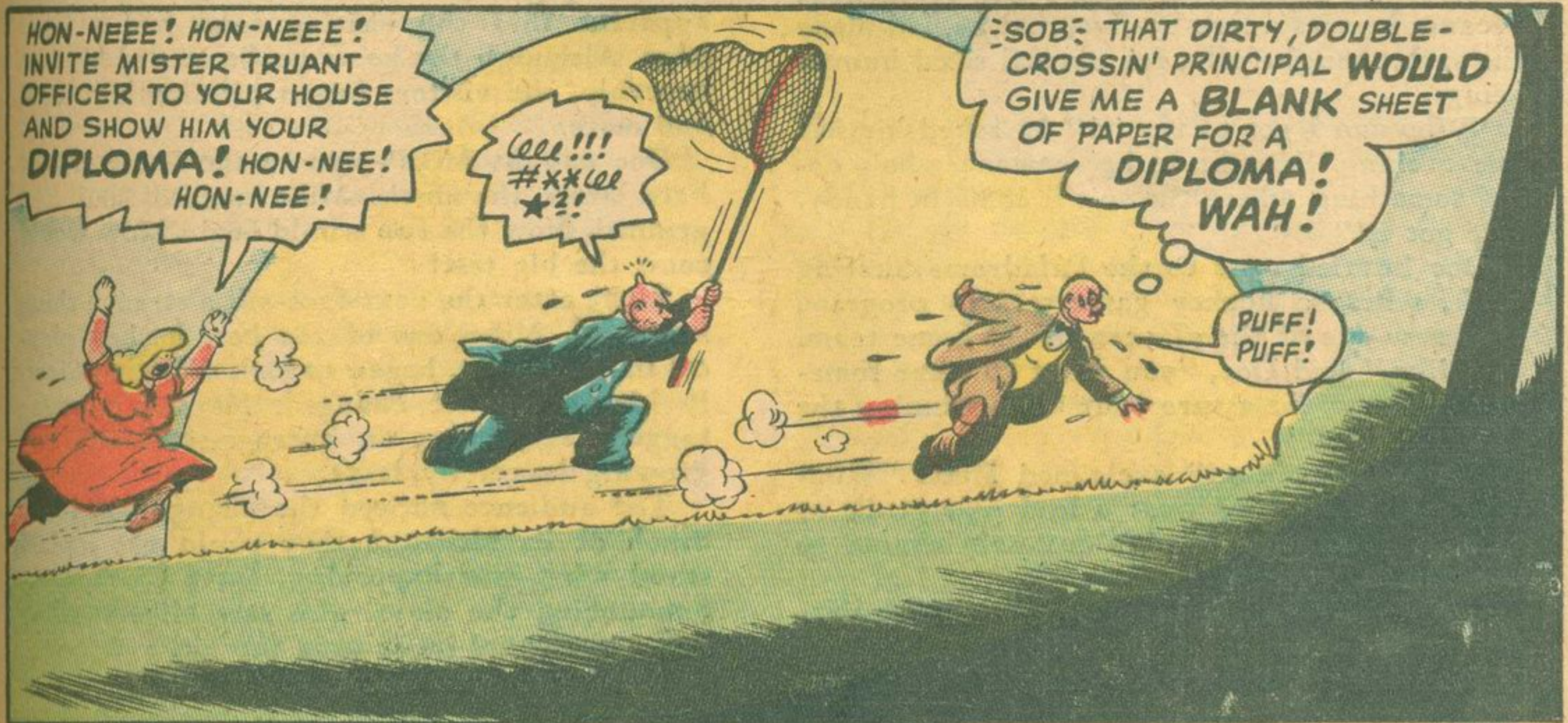


HON-NEEE! HON-NEEE!
INVITE MISTER TRUANT OFFICER TO YOUR HOUSE AND SHOW HIM YOUR **DIPLOMA!** HON-NEEE!
HON-NEEE!

Ulll!!!
#xxxlll
★?

SOB: THAT DIRTY, DOUBLE-CROSSIN' PRINCIPAL **WOULD** GIVE ME A **BLANK** SHEET OF PAPER FOR A **DIPLOMA!** WAH!

PUFF!
PUFF!



THE BIG BLOWUP

DOC Wackey, inventive genius, had a new one. He had a new one every month or so. Doc's inventions were legion, but they paid off in zeros. Doc was going broke.

It was Sniffer Snoop, who thought himself a mighty smart detective, and wasn't, who gave Doc the Bright Idea.

"Make rubber suits," advised Sniffer. He thought he was being funny.

"Rubber suits?" said Doc Wackey. "What d'ya mean, rubber suits? Divers' suits—rain-coats?"

Sniffer waved his hands airily. "I don't know. Just rubber suits. What more do you want for nothing?"

Sniffer clucked to his little white bear, Hot-foot, and they left Doc's cluttered lab. Doc looked after them a moment, then shrugged. Nuts, that's what Sniffer was, plain nuts!

Then the thing hit him all at once. Sure! It was a great idea—only Sniffer Snoop didn't know it!

So Doc, who was on the verge of bankruptcy, began to work, very secretly, on what to him was to be the big undertaking of his life. Of course, every scheme he launched was to be the big undertaking of his life; only it never was.

Doc labored for a couple of weeks in darkest secrecy, telling no one about his forthcoming invention. Once he ran into Sniffer sniffing along a dark alley as if on the spoor of some shady character. Doc grunted. Sniffer went on sniffing.

When Doc had the first test suit ready, he tried it on himself. It didn't fit. Naturally, because he was a five-by-five, and he had made the suit, thoughtfully, for normal sized human beings.

"Who can I get to try it?" he asked himself one evening. "Ought to be someone who's doing something where the suit'll come in handy. I've got it!"

Doc hurried over to the Paladrome Skating Rink, where a hockey game was in progress. He knew one of the players on the home team.

"Mike," said Doc, "you want to wear something that might assure your team winning the game tonight?"

"Wear something!" exclaimed Mike. "What d'ya mean, Doc? I'd wear a lead pipe girdle to win the game tonight; it's our only chance to cop the tournament."

Doc handed him the light-weight rubber outfit.

"Slip this on before the game, and when you

get in a tight spot—and need a goal press this button. See what happens to the opposing team!"

Mike took the little bundle wonderingly. After examining the button gadget, he promised to comply with Doc's wishes.

"You gonna be in the audience?" asked Mike. "Just in case I get into trouble with this thing?"

"I'll be out there watching," Doc told him.

It was the important game of the series. If the home team won this one, they stood a fine chance to capture the national title.

Before the contest Dave Clark, radio announcer, was telling the unseen audience the players' names and other pertinent data.

"The boys on both teams, look good," he was saying into the mike. "It should be a bang-up game, and may the best team win!"

Dave spied Doc Wackey in the front row and went over to him, following his initial broadcast.

"Hi, Doc," he said cheerily. "What are you doing at this hockey game? I never knew you to leave your musty old lab before."

Doc grinned. "I'll tell you, Dave," he said. "Through me, hockey may become a game instead of a contest of busted shins. Keep your eyes open tonight, Davey, and especially watch Mike Malarkey."

Dave blinked. What the heck was Doc talking about? You could never get much out of the little runt. Watch Mike! Well, he'd watch Mike. He'd watch all the players. That was his job.

The game began with great flurry of action, as hockey games often do. But it soon became apparent that the visiting team had a little edge. Although the home goalie tended his nets superbly, the visitors began pressing him more and more.

Doc caught Mike's eye as the latter skated hard after the puck. Mike nodded, and Doc grinned. Now the fun would begin. Now would come the big test!

Right after the next face-off, a strange thing happened. Mike, one of the best hockey players in the league, began to look different. Slowly his appearance changed. He was growing bigger! Yes, Mike, an average-sized lad, was growing larger by leaps.

The audience noticed the change and made much of it, although they could not understand what was happening. Dave Clark, busy announcing the plays, also saw Mike swelling and commented on it over the air.

What was the matter with Mike?

SMASH COMICS

Mike's play was brilliant. But he was getting still larger by the second. His girth was now three times its normal size! The opposing team became demoralized. They could not keep their eyes off this chap, who was now more like a blimp than a hockey player. He flabbergasted them.

When the game ended, the home team was in front by a wide margin. Mike, scooting for the dressing room, shot into the doorway, but there he stuck fast. His size was far too big for the dimensions of the door frame.

The other players yelled. The audience was standing, yelling and clapping. This was an extra-added attraction. And then something happened that made the news reporters' typewriters clatter with machine-gun speed. Mike blew up with a loud pop!

This is a summary of what the news accounts said later: "Mike Ostravich, ace center on the Plandome team, attempted to enter the players' dressing room after the game, but collapsed at the entrance after a violent explosion. His rapid growth, a strange feature during the contest, now subsided. He again assumed his old size. What is the mystery of Mike's balloon-like growth and sudden, explosive return to normalcy?"

Doc was chuckling when Dave Clark collared him later.

"You see," crowed Doc. "Mike won the game, but only because of me and my invention. You watch hockey from now on. Watch football, baseball, and even hop-scotch!"

"You're crazy, Doc!" exclaimed Dave. "That was a rubber suit Mike had on. He merely inflated it with carbon dioxide and it exploded when he hit the door. What's so wonderful about that?"

Doc blinked. "He won the game, didn't he?" he repeated.

The matter might have ended there had it not been that Doc Wackey was greedy for money. When he was approached a few days later by a pair of sinister-looking fellows, he listened to their demands.

"Two suits, like you made for that hockey guy," they told him. "Only make them look like ordinary business suits, catch? We'll give you a hunnerd bucks fer each one. When can we get 'em?"

Doc told them and they departed.

A week later, two enormously fat men strode into the Second Bank of Commerce, flashed guns and walked out with better than \$50,000 in bills. The alarm went out, but the fat men disappeared. They were seen to scamper down an alley which had a blind end, but they never came out. Two average-sized men, however, were alleged to have been seen in that vicinity seconds later.

The police hadn't a single clue except that the stickup men were as fat as could be. And there the matter hung.

Soon another bank was robbed in exactly the same manner, and by the same pair. Again the two fat men vanished into thin air.

Dave Clark, giving out the details over his regular evening broadcast, stopped suddenly and closed his mike. "Sure," he said. "Why, sure!"

He immediately went into action. If the two fat bandits had pulled successful burglaries on two banks, they'd probably try it again. There were five banks in the city that hadn't been touched as yet. Taking a chance on which one would be their next choice, he stationed himself there.

But now Dave Clark was not the young radio announcer. Instead, by the simple expedient of slipping a small eye mask over his upper face, he became the invincible Midnight, crime-buster extraordinary. Soon he saw a big car draw up at the curb and a huge fat man get out.

"Hah, looks like slightly different tactics," said Midnight under his breath. "A lot of good it'll do 'em!"

As the first fat man entered the bank, Midnight saw the other one, at the wheel of the car, ready for any emergency.

As the first fat man went into the bank, Midnight drew a small, powerful air pistol from his pocket and aimed at the big man's rear.

Spang!

There was a terrific explosion, and the big chap was catapulted among the crowd in the bank. There were screams and yells. Two bank guards seized the man, to find that he was merely an ordinary-sized fellow dressed in a trick suit that had suddenly blown up.

Midnight saw the fat man at the wheel of the car grab the gear shift and step on the starter. Then he cut loose again with his air pistol. The man blew up with a loud report and hurtled bodily out of the car, collapsing on the sidewalk where a policeman grabbed him. The guards carried his companion out of the bank and held him while the cop picked up the deflated car driver.

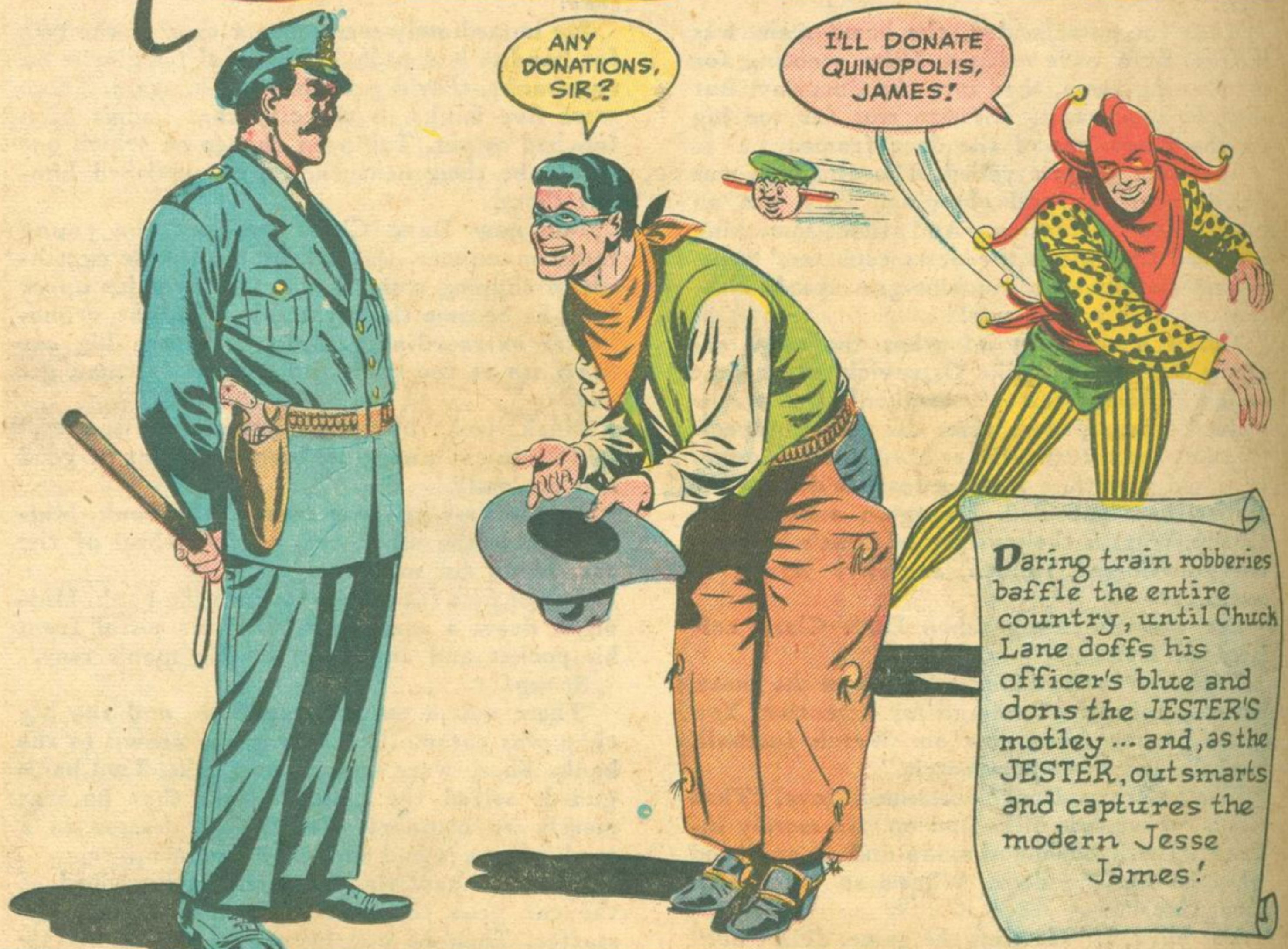
"Well, I'll be darned," said the policeman. "It's the fat men again! And they're wearin' rubber suits!"

Midnight decided that he was not needed any longer, so he became Dave Clark again. He hurried to Doc Wackey's laboratory and confronted the little inventor with the story of what had happened.

"So you see what your greed has caused," he stormed, after giving Doc an account of the fat men's end. "Someone might have been killed!"

Doc looked surprised and sad. "Guess them rubber suits was a bust, Dave!" he said. "But I didn't know I'd made 'em for a couple of crooks. I'll be more careful next time of the people who want to use my brilliant inventions."

The JESTER

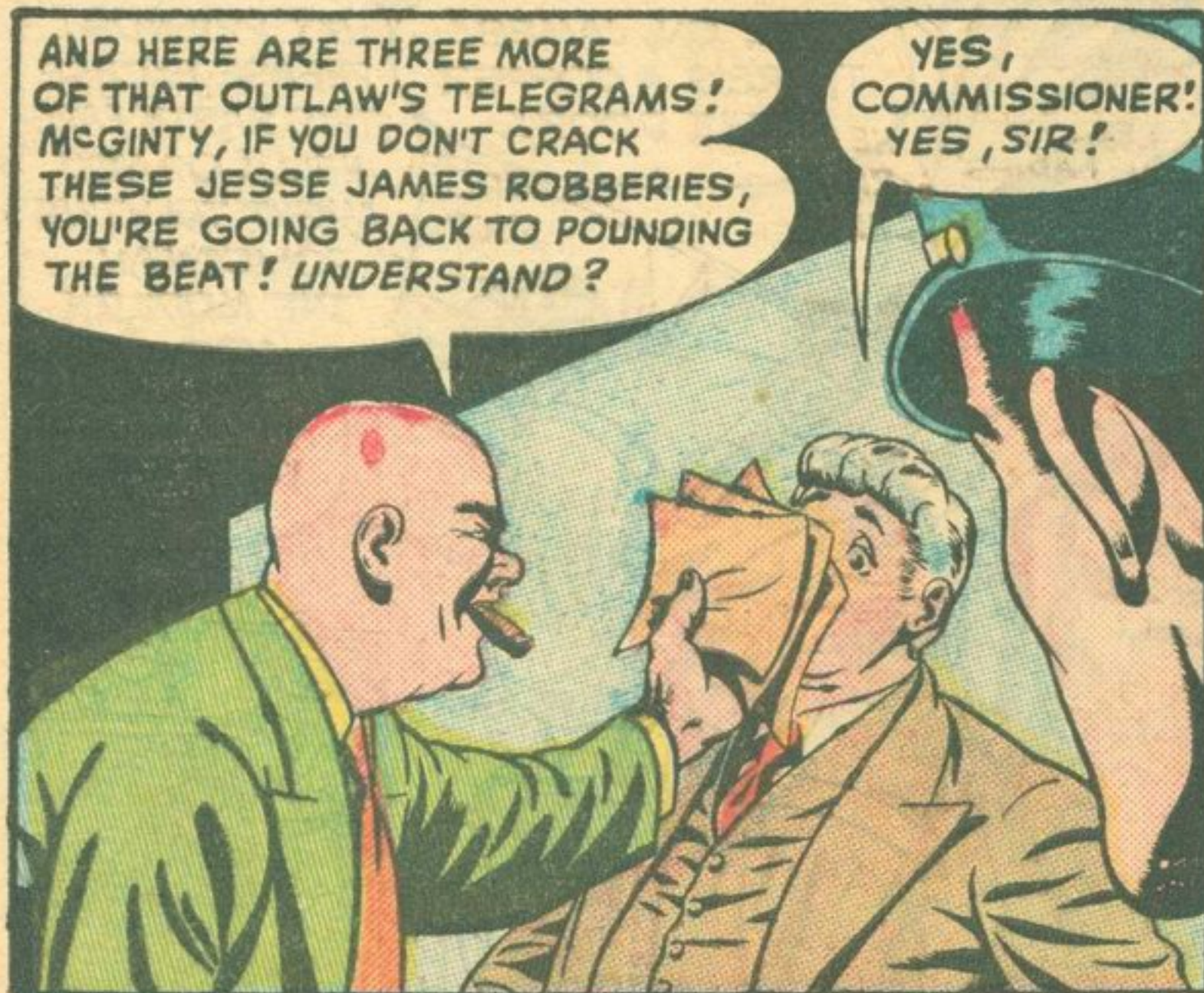


Daring train robberies baffle the entire country, until Chuck Lane doffs his officer's blue and dons the JESTER'S motley ... and, as the JESTER, outsmarts and captures the modern Jesse James!



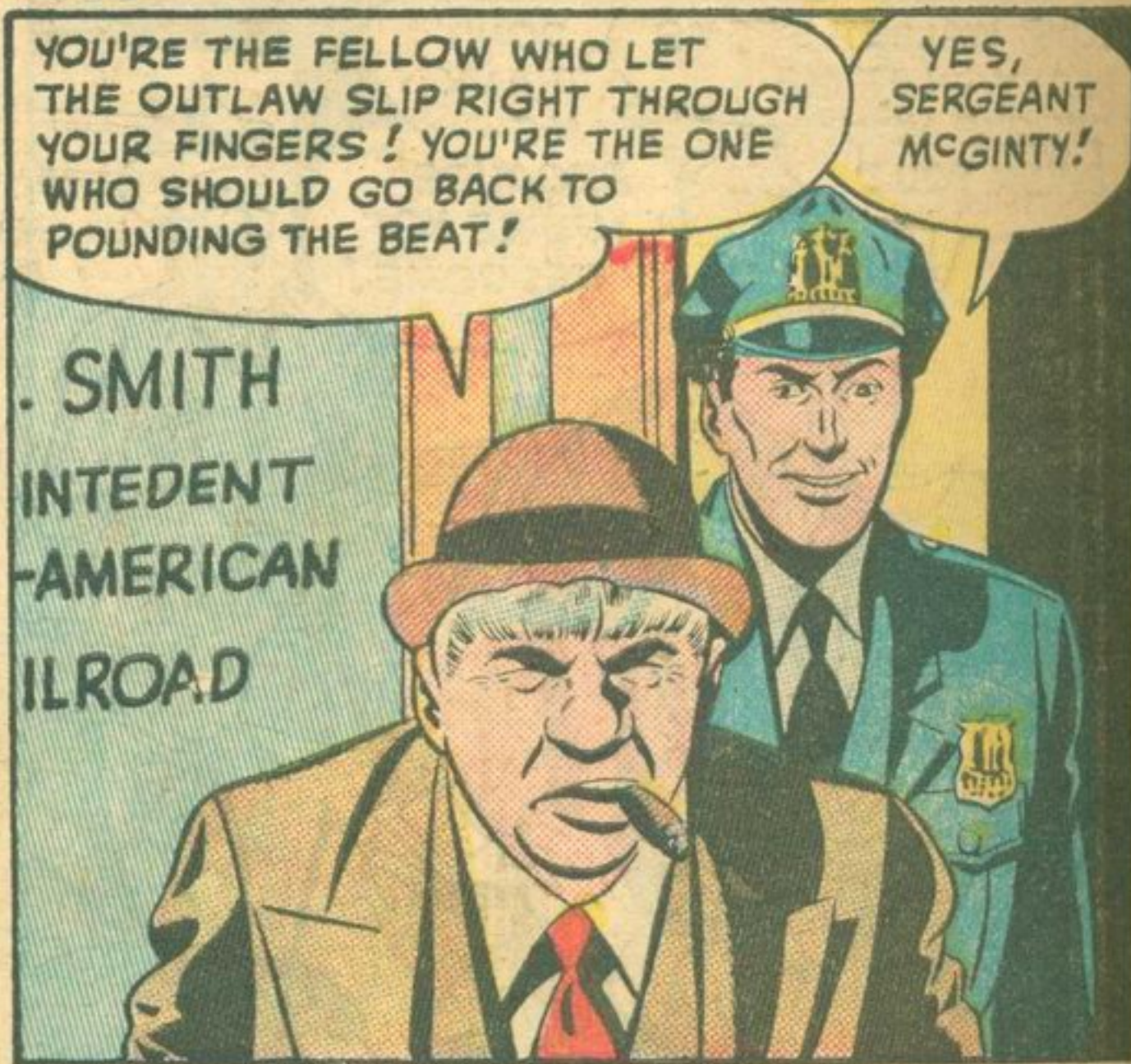


SMASH COMICS



AND HERE ARE THREE MORE OF THAT OUTLAW'S TELEGRAMS! MCGINTY, IF YOU DON'T CRACK THESE JESSE JAMES ROBBERIES, YOU'RE GOING BACK TO POUNDING THE BEAT! UNDERSTAND?

YES, COMMISSIONER! YES, SIR!



YOU'RE THE FELLOW WHO LET THE OUTLAW SLIP RIGHT THROUGH YOUR FINGERS! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD GO BACK TO POUNDING THE BEAT!

YES, SERGEANT MCGINTY!

SMITH
INTEDENT
-AMERICAN
ILROAD



Soon, at Police Headquarters...

EVERY ONE OF THOSE TELEGRAMS HAD GOOFY SIGNATURES... A.B. CARMAN, B.C. DARIO, C.D. EVERYMAN...

THOSE A B C'S PROVE THAT THE SENDER AT LEAST KNOWS HIS ALPHABET!



ALPHABET! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A DETECTIVE! GO ALONG AND LET ME WORK THIS THING OUT!

YES, SIR!



In a secluded spot, after Chuck Lane goes off duty...

A CITY COP DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHANCE TO CATCH THIS JESSE JAMES, WHO CAN CROSS STATE BOUNDARIES TO ESCAPE THE LOCAL LAW! BUT AS THE JESTER, I CAN FOLLOW HIM ANYWHERE!



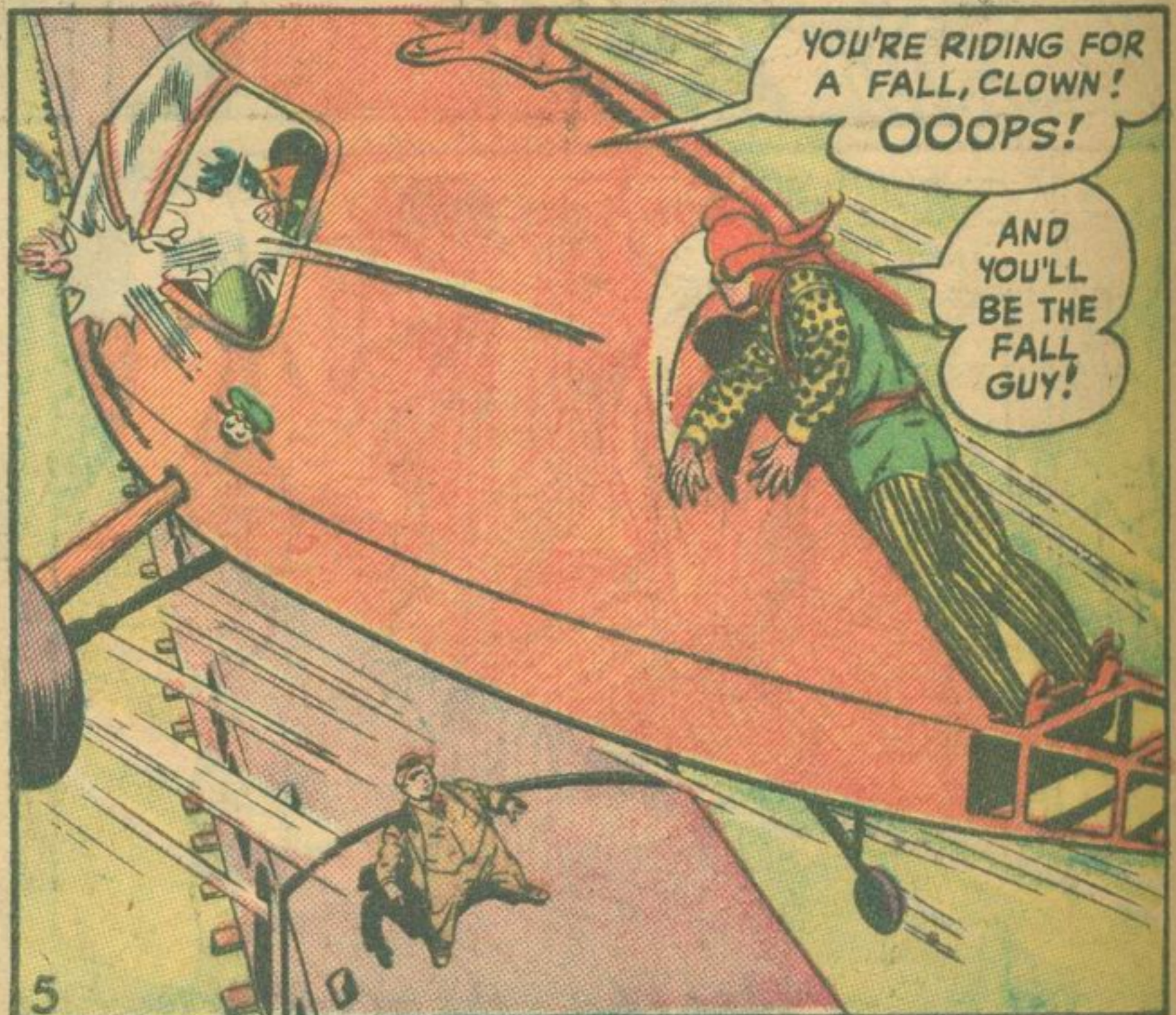
HELLO, MCGINTY! THIS IS THE JESTER! IF YOU WANT TO LEARN THE A B C'S OF DETECTIVE WORK, BE ON THE FLYING ZEPHYR AT 4:00 P.M. TODAY!



LEARN MY A B C'S? WHY, YOU ... ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE THERE!

SMASH COMICS





SMASH COMICS

SET YOUR COURSE FOR THE CITY AIRPORT, MY MAN ... AND DON'T TRY TAKING THE LONG WAY ROUND!

OKAY, BUT DON'T HIT ME WITH THAT GADGET OR WE'LL ALL CRASH!



HOW DID YOU CRACK THIS CASE, JESTER?

COME TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN ABOUT AN HOUR AND YOU'LL GET THE DOPE!



Later...

...AND SERGEANT MCGINTY GUESSED FROM THE BANDIT'S SIGNATURES THAT HE LIKED THE ALPHABET! SO HE FIGURED HE MIGHT BE ROBBING TRAINS THE SAME WAY...



...FIRST THE AIRLINER, THEN THE BEACON, CHIEF, DENVER AND EARLY BIRD! SO, THE SERGEANT FIGURED THE FLYING ZEPHYR WOULD BE NEXT, AND THAT'S HOW HE SOLVED THE CASE, AS EASY AS ABC!



YEAH... THAT'S JUST HOW IT HAPPENED! IT WAS ALPHABETICAL!

THANKS FOR THE STORY!

WELL, JESTER, I GUESS WE FINISHED WHAT THAT ROOKIE OFFICER LANE BUNGLED UP!

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM! HE GAVE ME A COUPLE OF TIPS ON THIS CASE!



Next day...

WHY ARE YOU CARRYING A PACKAGE WHILE ON DUTY, LANE?

OH, I HAPPENED TO SEE THE JESTER LAST NIGHT AND HE ASKED ME TO GIVE THIS PACKAGE TO YOU!



THEY'RE SOME ALPHABET BLOCKS FOR YOU TO PLAY WITH IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

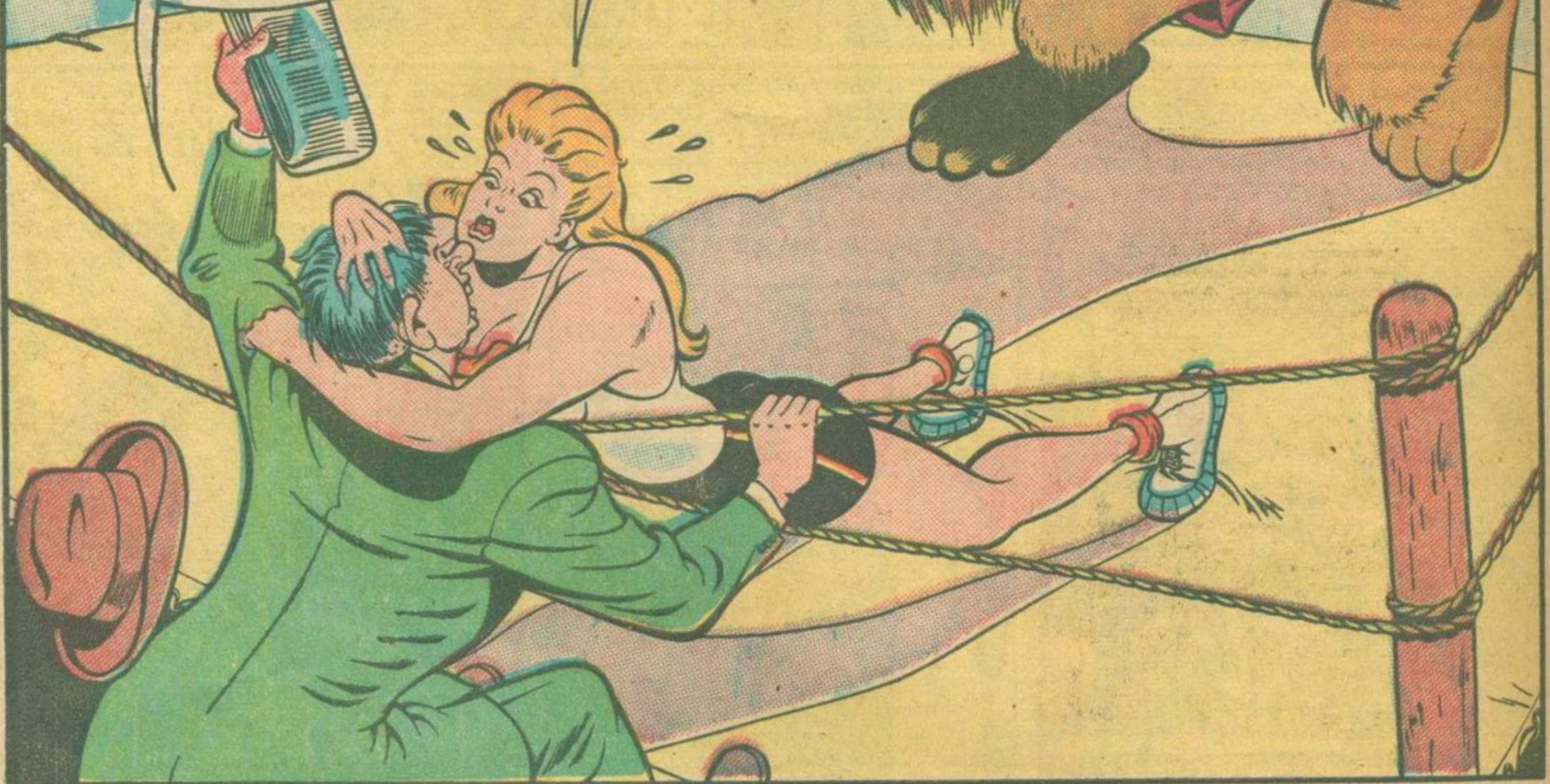
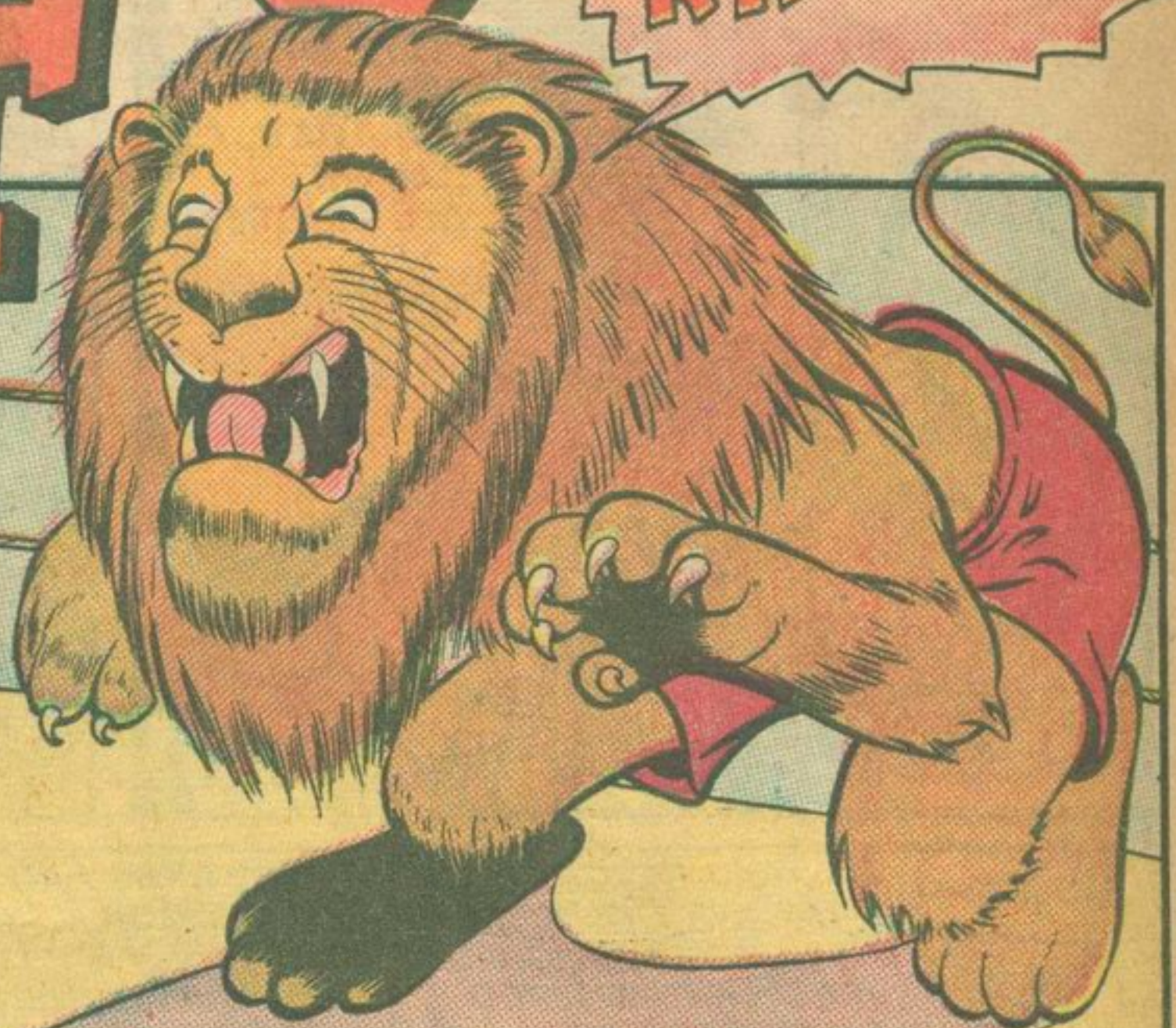


DAFFY

RROAR!

BUT DAFFY, HE ONLY LOOKS LIKE A LION! A SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE HAS GIVEN HIM THE TEMPERAMENT OF A RABBIT! IT SAYS SO IN THE NEWSPAPERS!

SURE... BUT MAYBE HE DOESN'T READ THE NEWS-PAPERS!

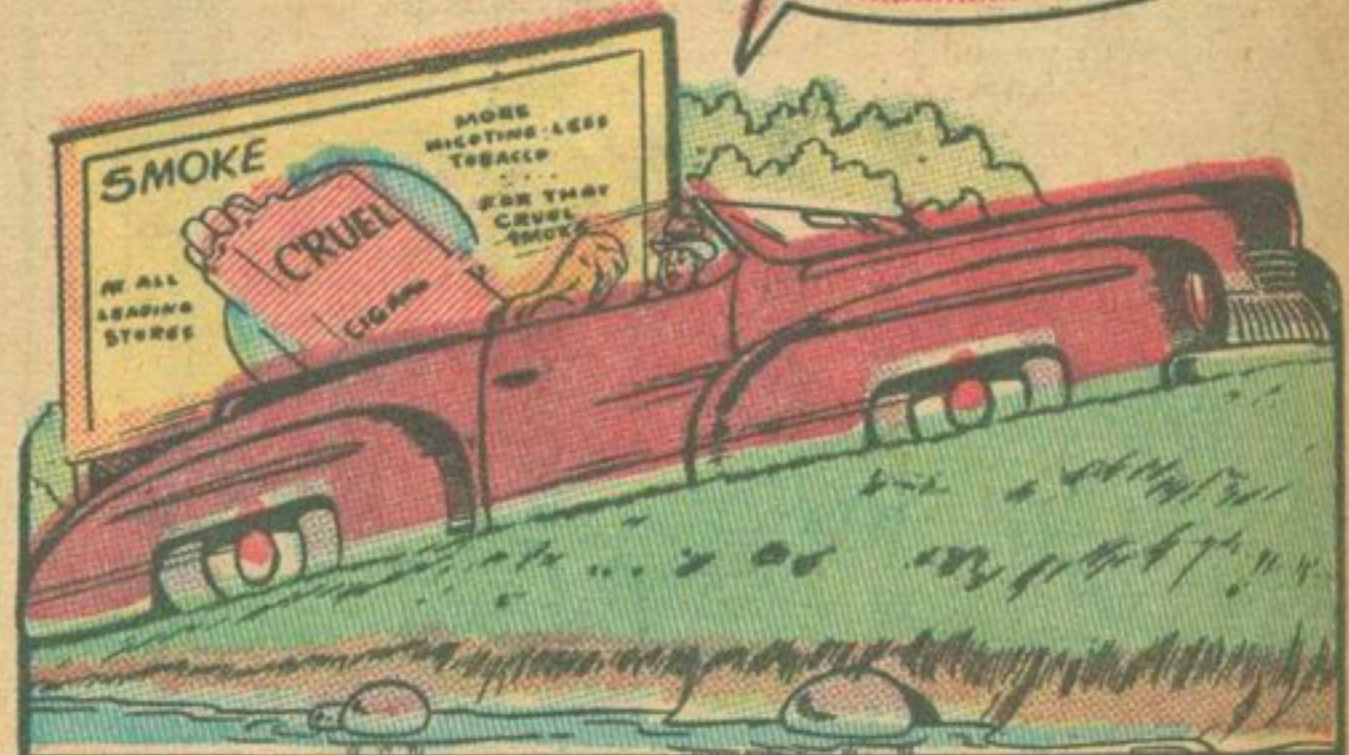
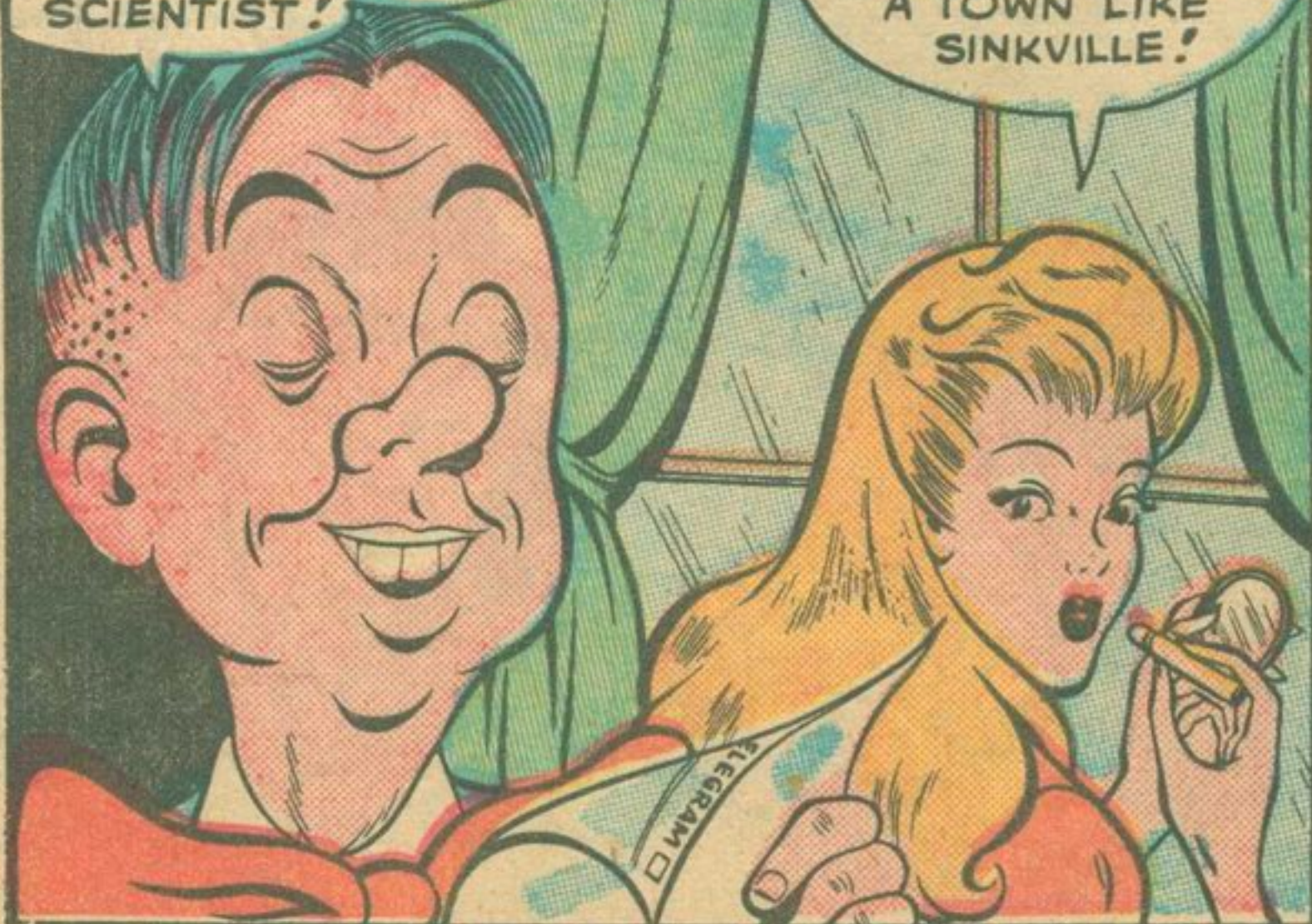


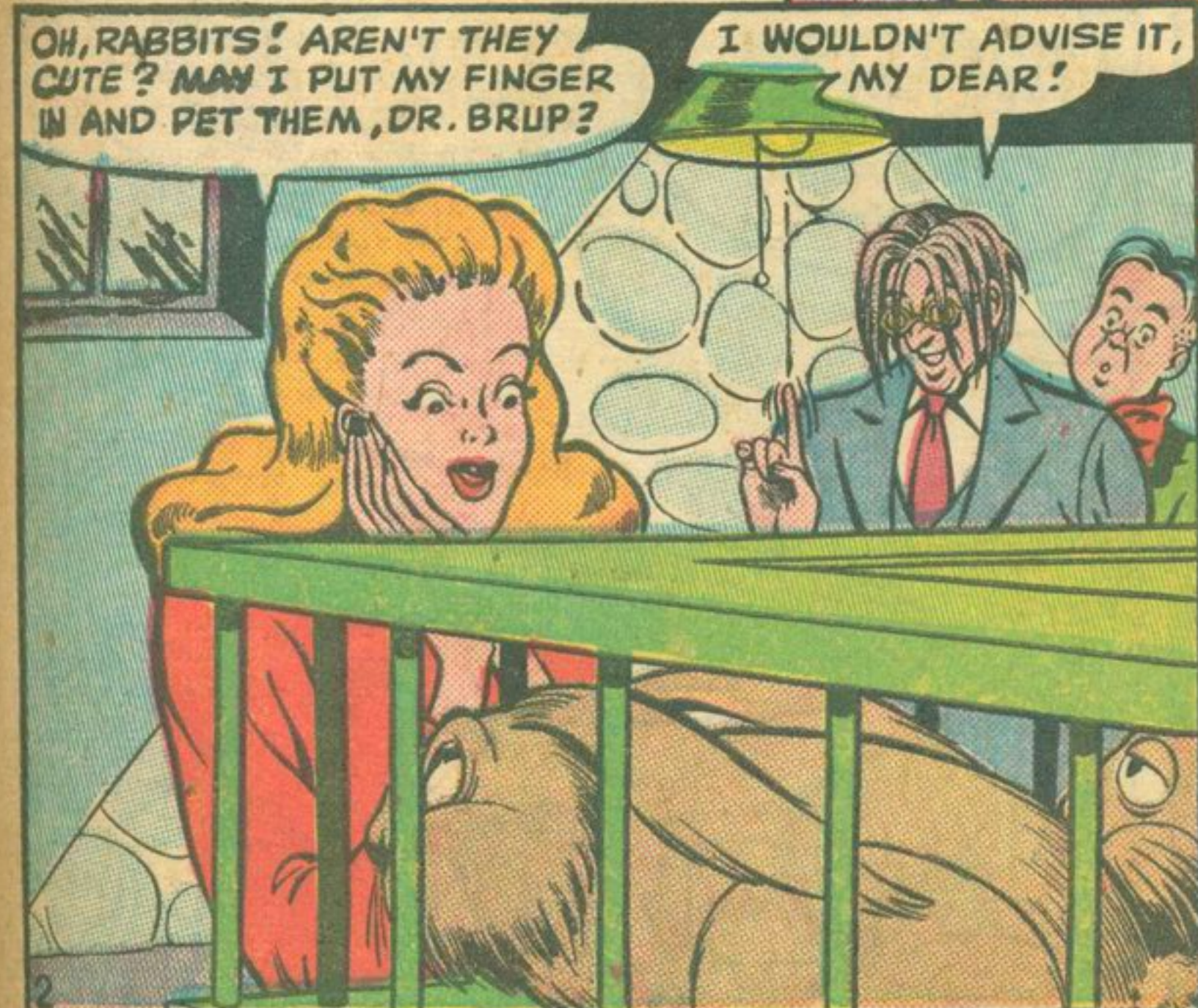
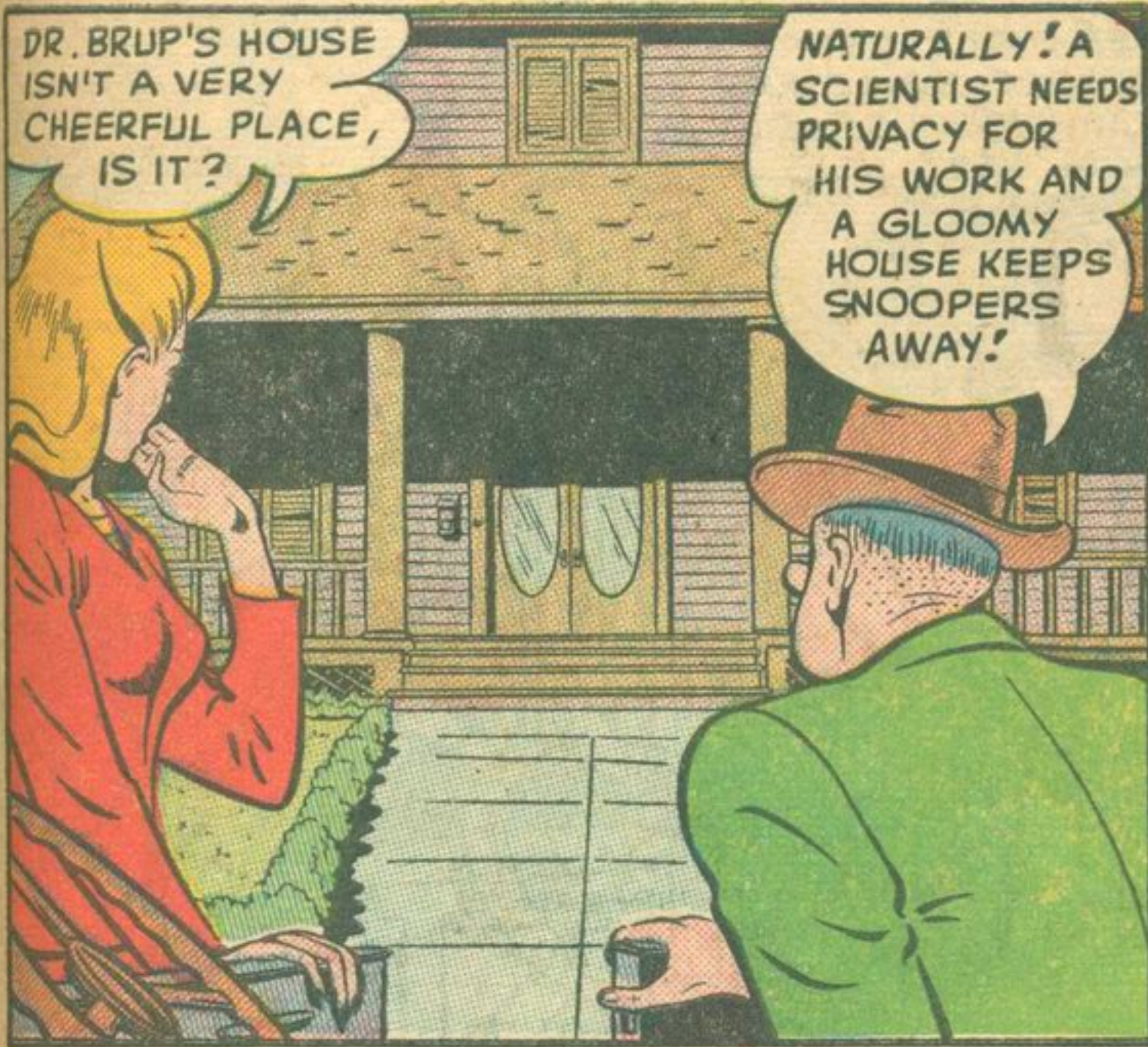
DAFFY, WE'RE INVITED TO SPEND THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FIGHT AT THE HOME OF DR. BRUP, THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST!

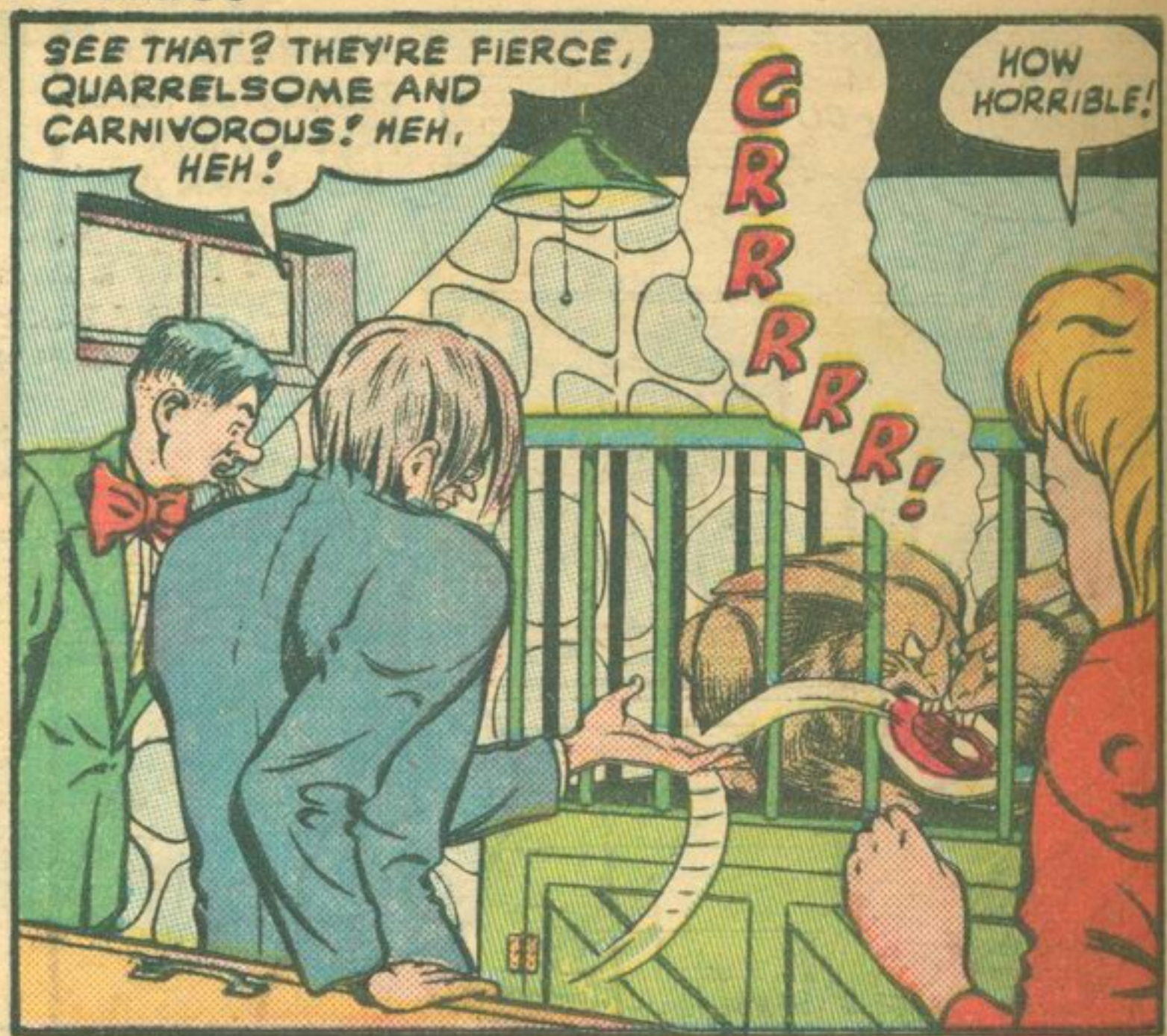
THAT'S NICE! ANY PLACE'D BE BETTER THAN THE KIND OF HOTEL WE'D FIND IN A TOWN LIKE SINKVILLE!

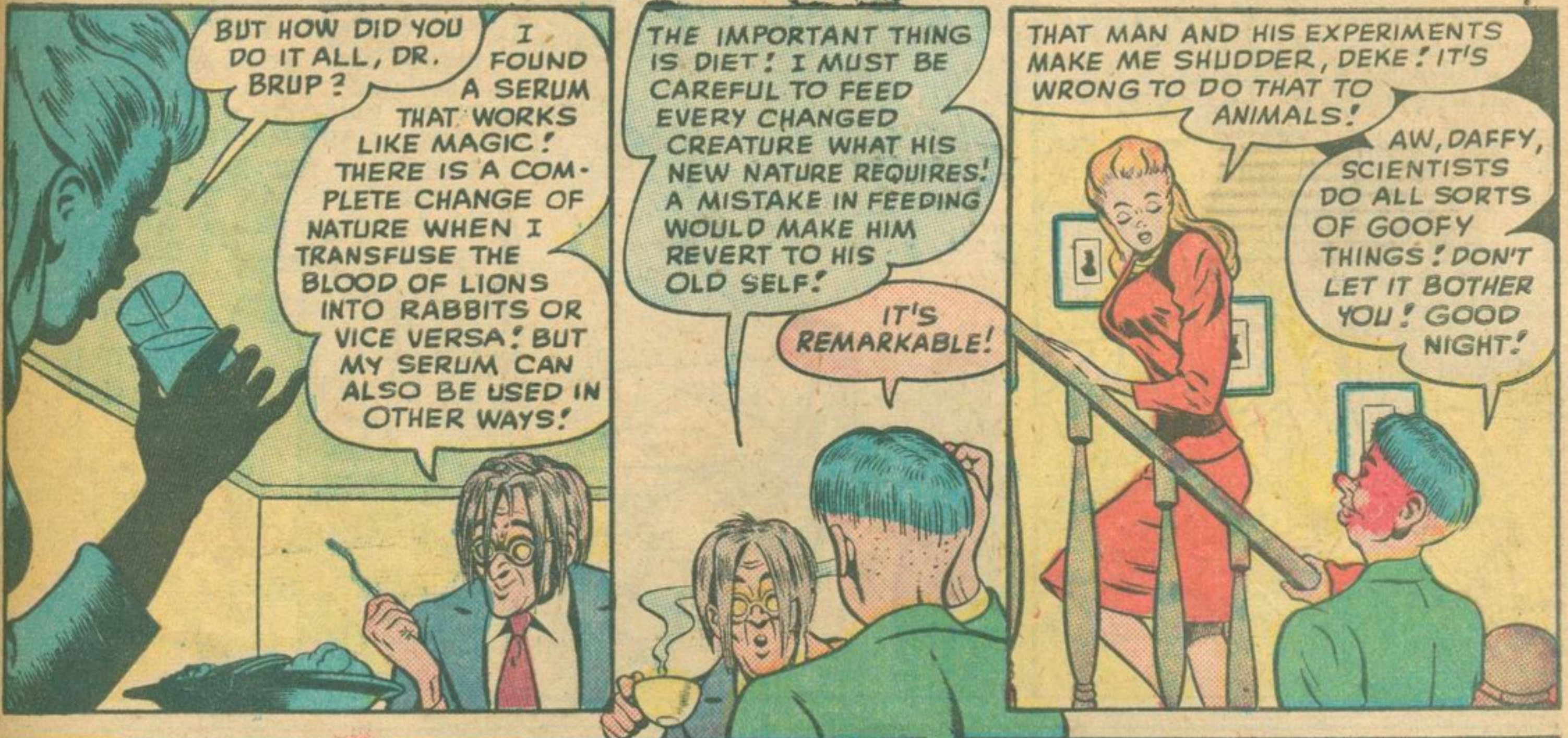
DEKE, YOU STILL HAVEN'T FOUND OUT A THING ABOUT MY WRESTLING OPPONENT, FRAGILE MATTIE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER IN THE RING TOMORROW! HER MANAGER KEPT HER UNDER WRAPS... ONE OF THOSE MYSTERY BUILD-UPS THAT WRESTLING FANS LIKE!









SMASH COMICS



RROWW!
I'LL KILL YOU!



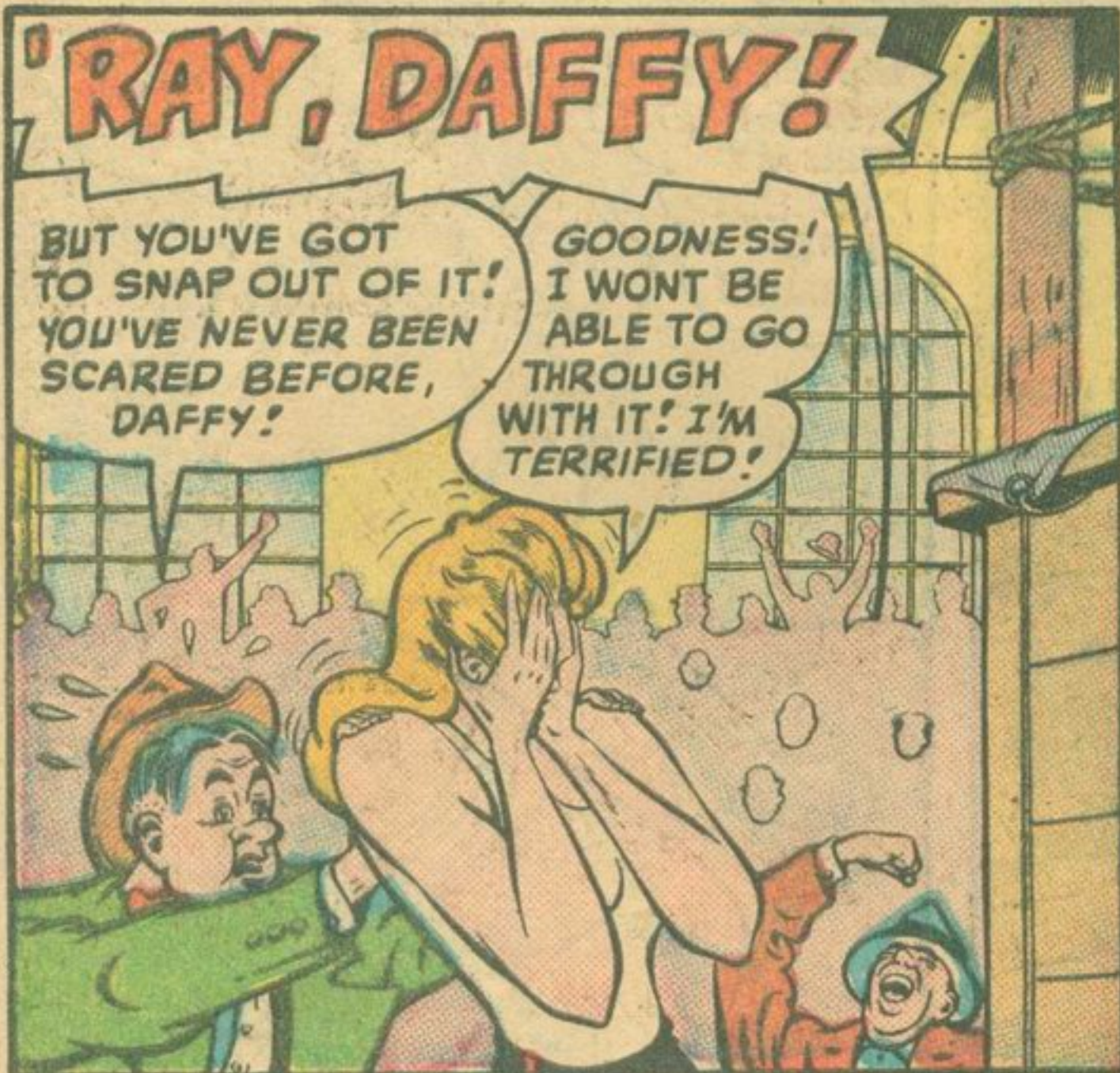
SAVE YOUR LEONINE STRENGTH FOR THE RIGHT OCCASION, MY DEAR! HEH, HEH! WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!

TURN ME LOOSE! I'LL DEVOUR YOU, HOMER!



Next day... before the wrestling match... DAFFY, WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU'VE ACTED AS WEAK AS A MOUSE ALL DAY!

I DON'T KNOW, DEKE! THAT'S THE WAY I FEEL, TOO! I--I DON'T WANT TO WRESTLE! I'M AFRAID!



BUT YOU'VE GOT TO SNAP OUT OF IT! YOU'VE NEVER BEEN SCARED BEFORE, DAFFY!

GOODNESS! I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT! I'M TERRIFIED!



TAKE THESE THINGS OFF MY HANDS, HOMER! I'LL MURDER YOU FOR THIS!

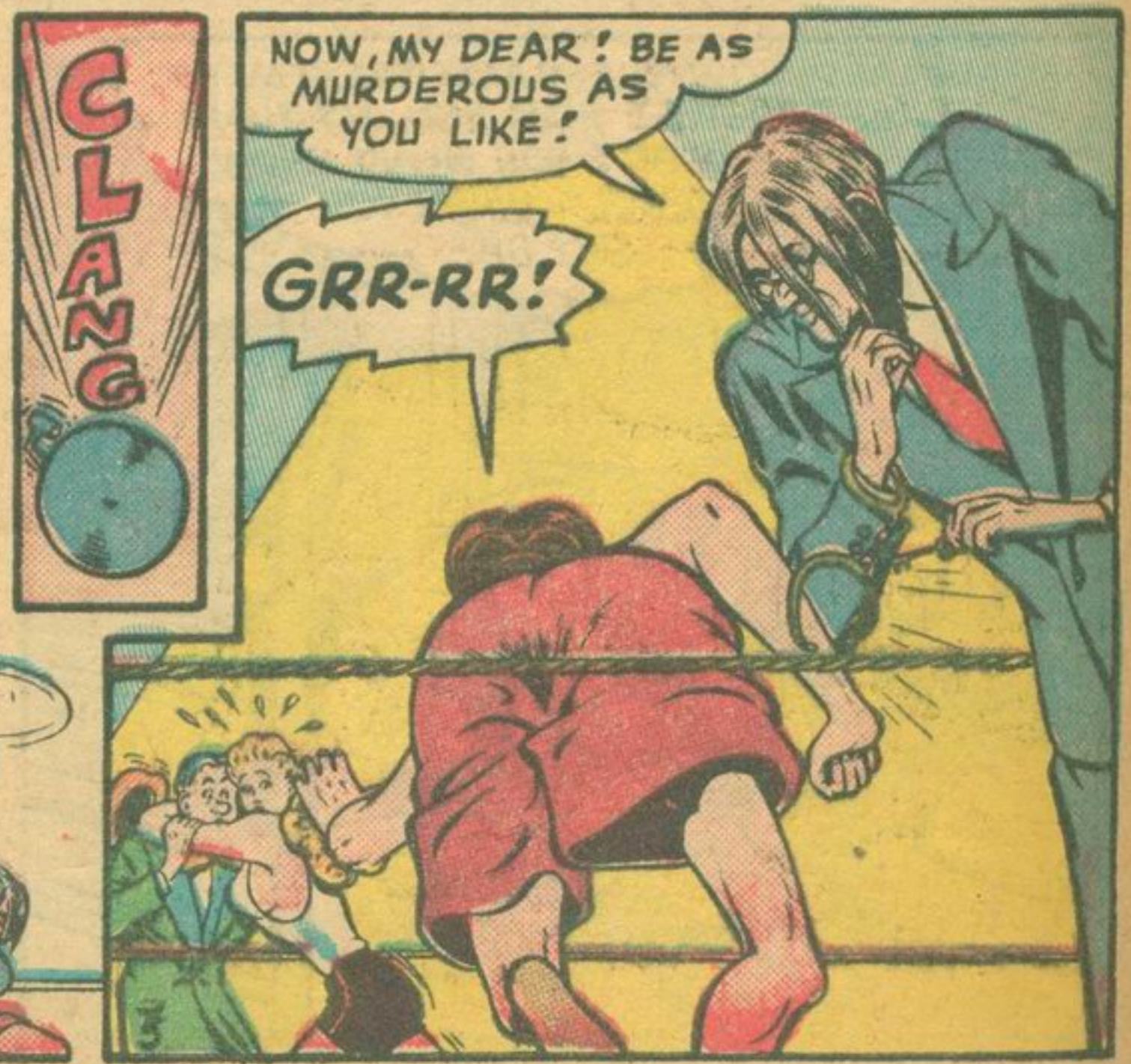
IN A FEW MINUTES YOU CAN GIVE FULL VENT TO YOUR VIOLENT NATURE, MY DEAR!

GULP! SO THAT'S FRAGILE MATTIE!



SEE, DAFFY? IT'S DR. BRUP'S WIFE WHO'S YOUR OPPONENT! WHY, YOU CAN LICK HER EVEN IF YOU DO FEEL HALF DEAD!

NO, NO! LET'S GO HOME, DEKE!

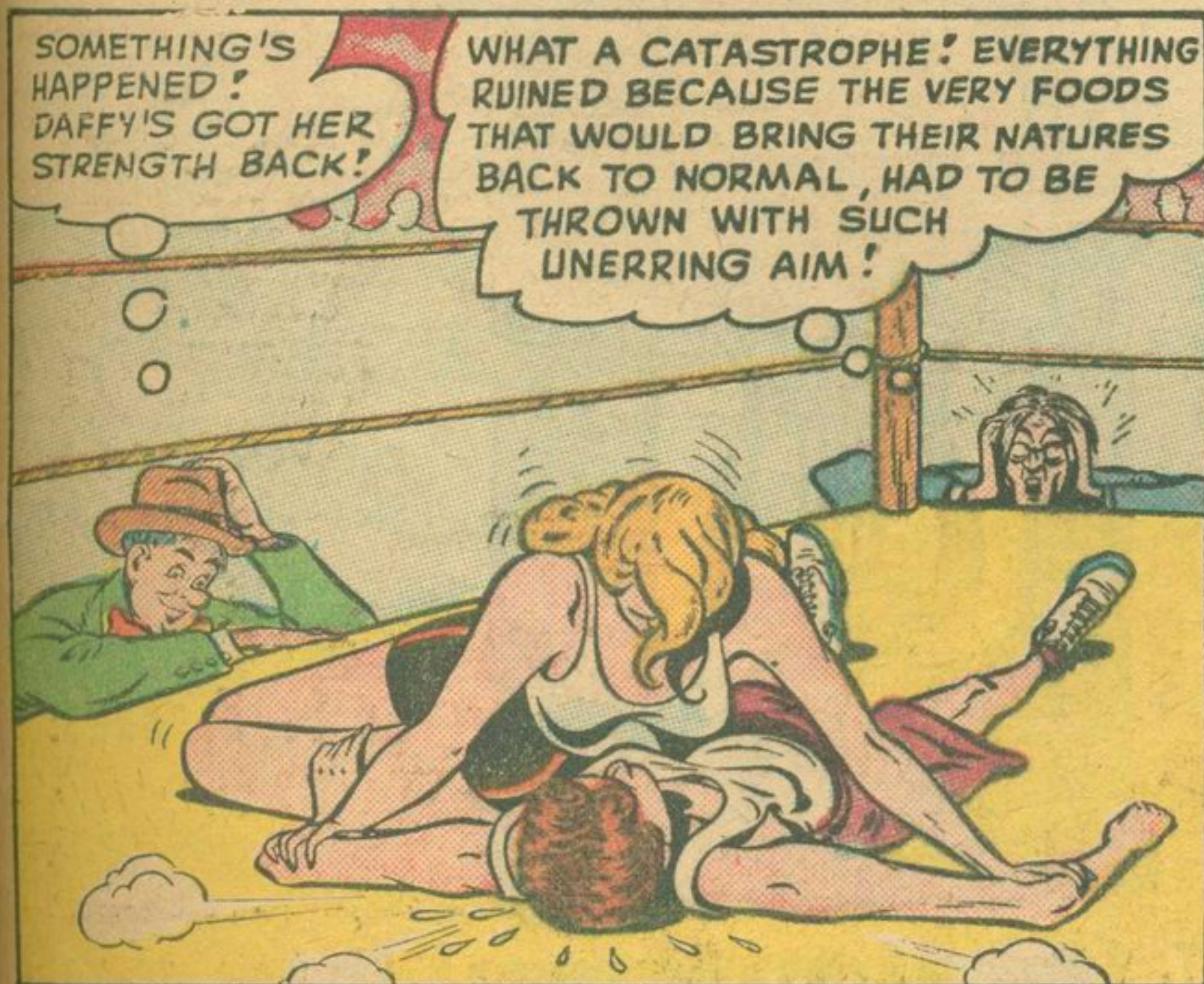
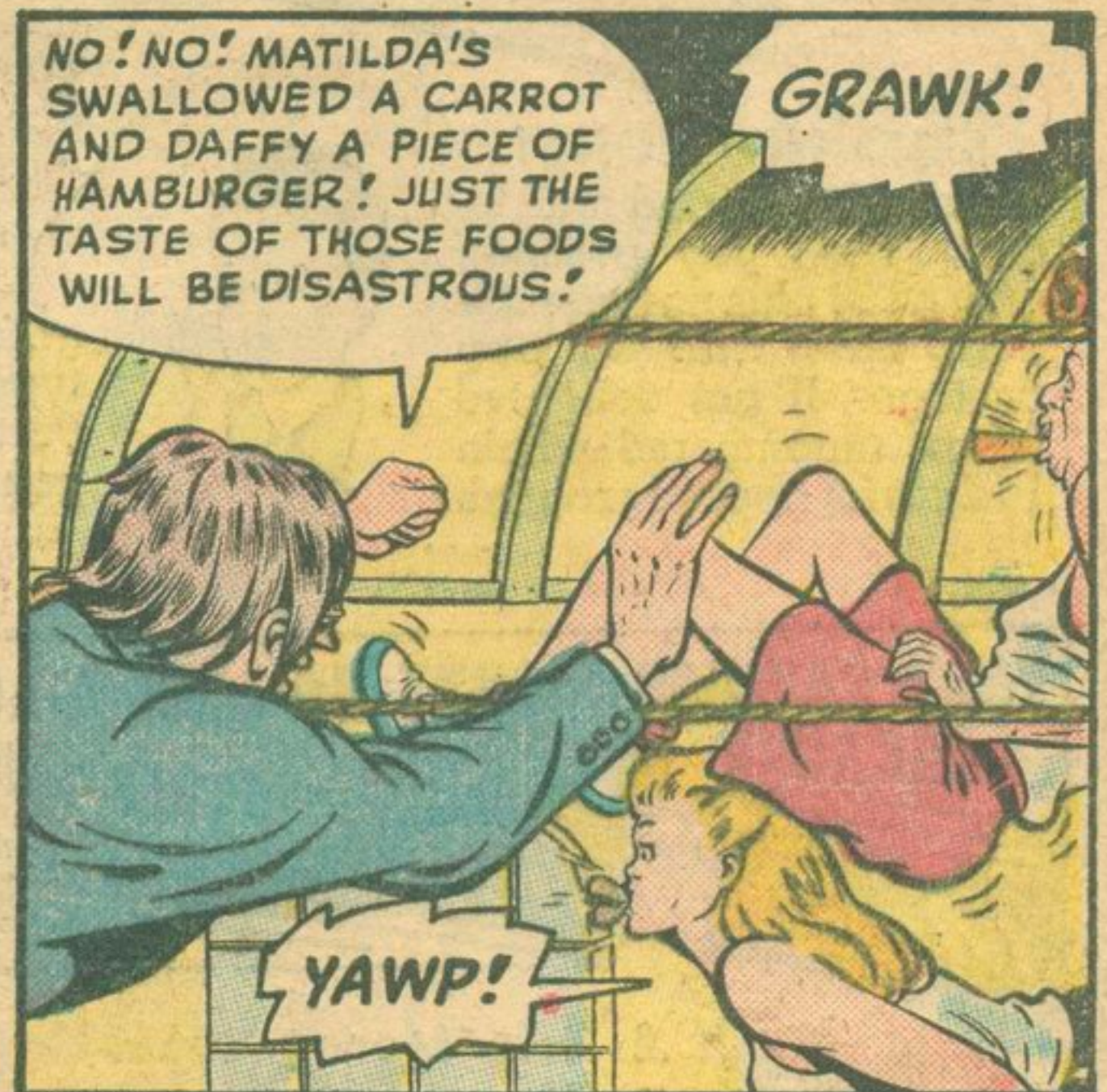
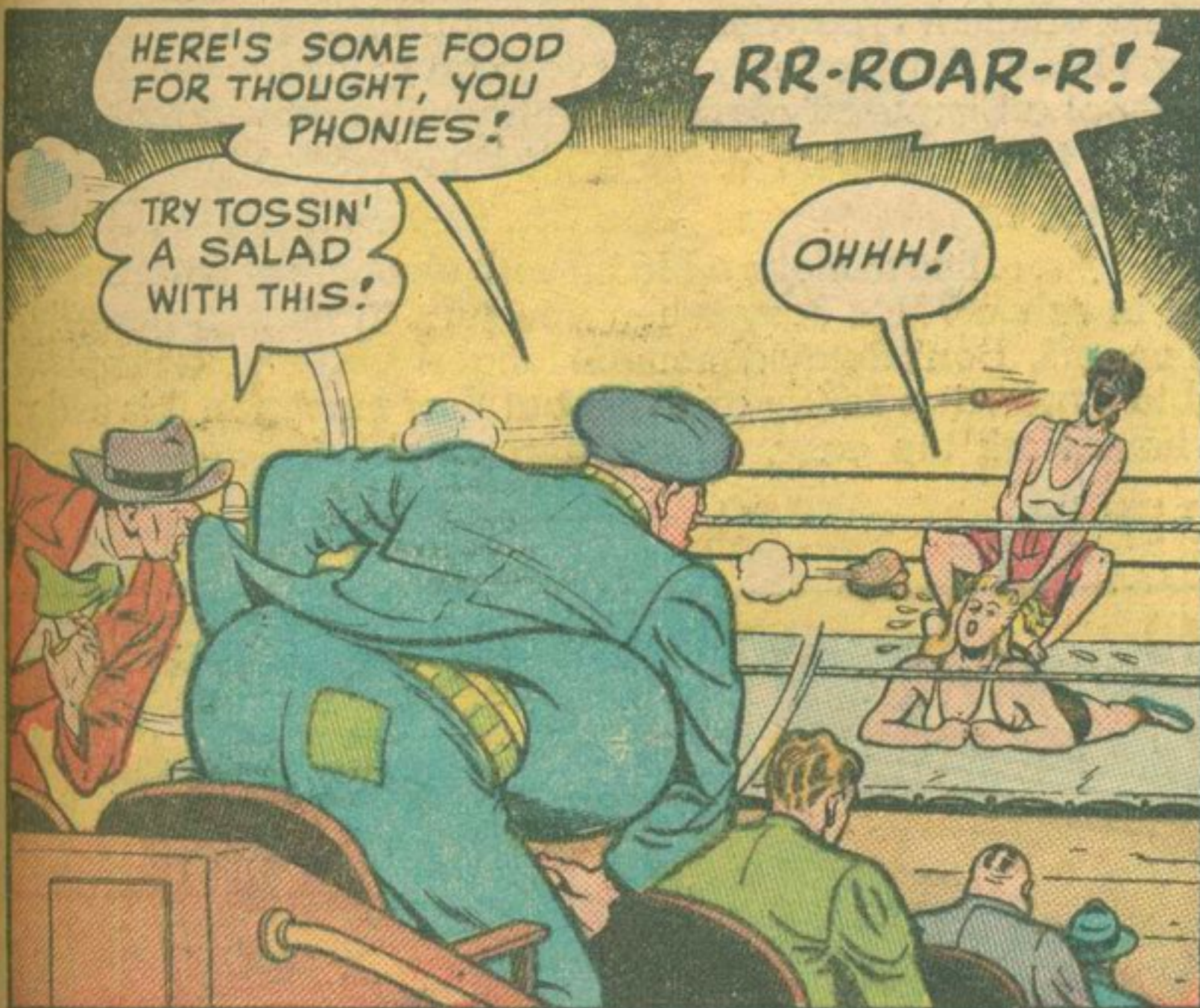
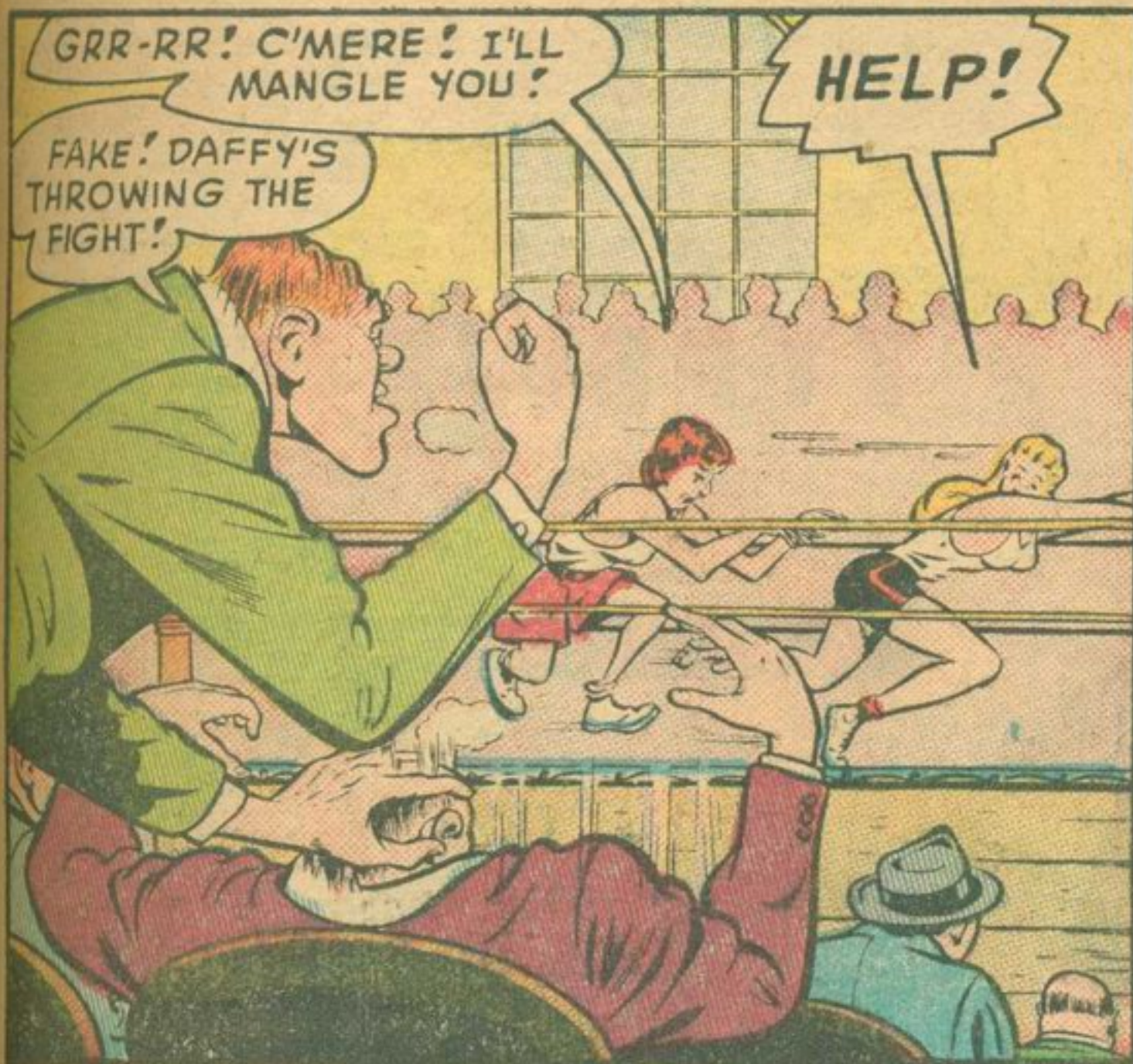


NOW, MY DEAR! BE AS MURDEROUS AS YOU LIKE!

GRR-RR!

CLANG

SMASH COMICS



AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



Sturdy Steel Construction

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$3.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



famous *Simplex* PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

Only \$3.98 Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

It's Fast! It's Easy! It's Efficient! It's Accurate!

PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...
...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

Yes, it's back again... but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$3.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

Hey Kids! ... like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-139

YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU

Make Money With Your Own

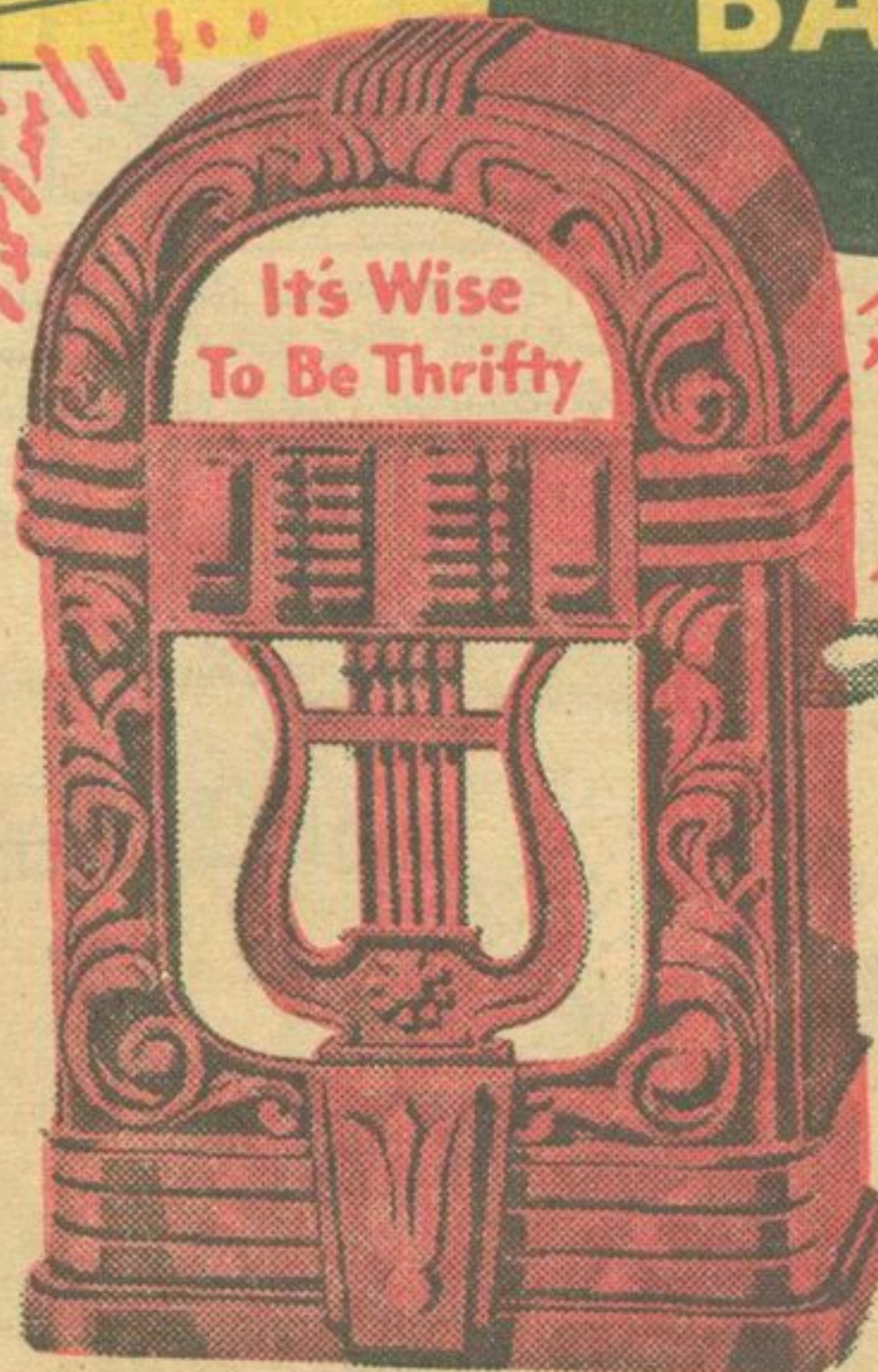
JUKE BOX BANK

A Real Money-Maker
For You ... Because

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



\$1.98 Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!

JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-70

NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1949, ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC CO. 85 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS
Play
FOOT-
BALL
Rain
or
Shine

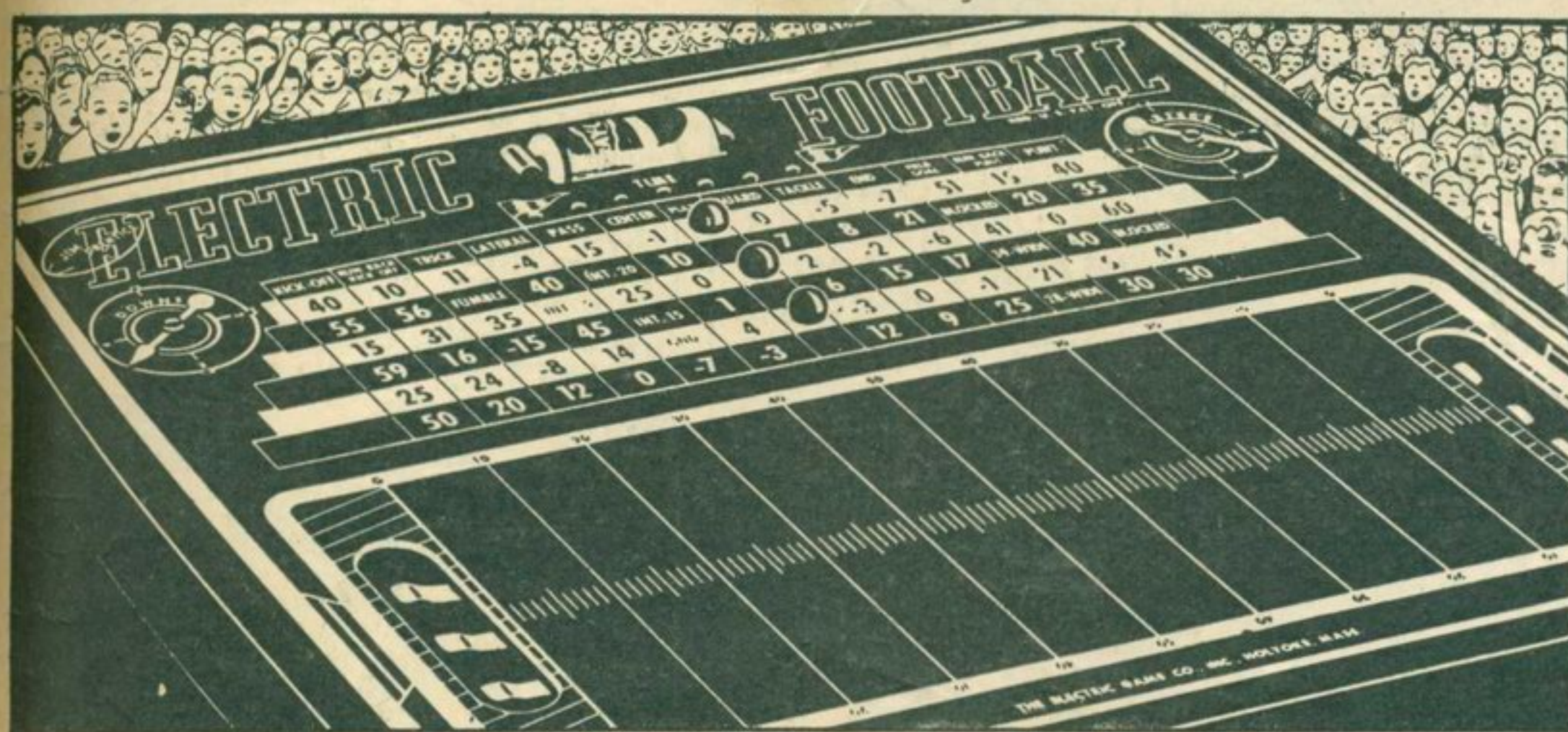
NO MORE PRACTICE TODAY—
GROUND TOO WET!
CLEATS RUIN THE
FIELD!

OKAY, COACH,
C'MON—FELLERS!
WE CAN PLAY
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL
INDOORS!

BEATS
SKULL
PRACTICE
ANYDAY!

GEE, FRED, THOSE
ELECTRIC
KEYS AND
LIGHTS ARE
KEEN!

WAIT 'TIL YOU
SEE HOW IT
REALLY PLAYS!



GET SET for Breath-taking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—to outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price. \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.

Hi BOYS!

ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one hundering of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny. The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored. Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

ELECTRIC GAMES
ARE TOPS
FOR THRILLS

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE RUSH TODAY

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.

85 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

Amount
Enclosed

- ☐ Electric Football \$2.50
 - ☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00
 - ☐ Electric Bowling \$2.50
 - ☐ Electric Marblelite \$1.00
 - ☐ Super El Football \$10.00
 - ☐ C.O.D. \$1 deposit. Postman collects balance.
 - ☐ Full payment with order — no collection.
- ALL GAMES POSTPAID

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE SECRET
SUPERSONIC PLANE"



AT THE ARMY AIR FIELD, U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB USE THEIR SPECIAL PASSES TO SEE THE NEW SECRET SUPERSONIC PLANE. SUDDENLY...



LOOK! FIRE
IN THE HANGAR!



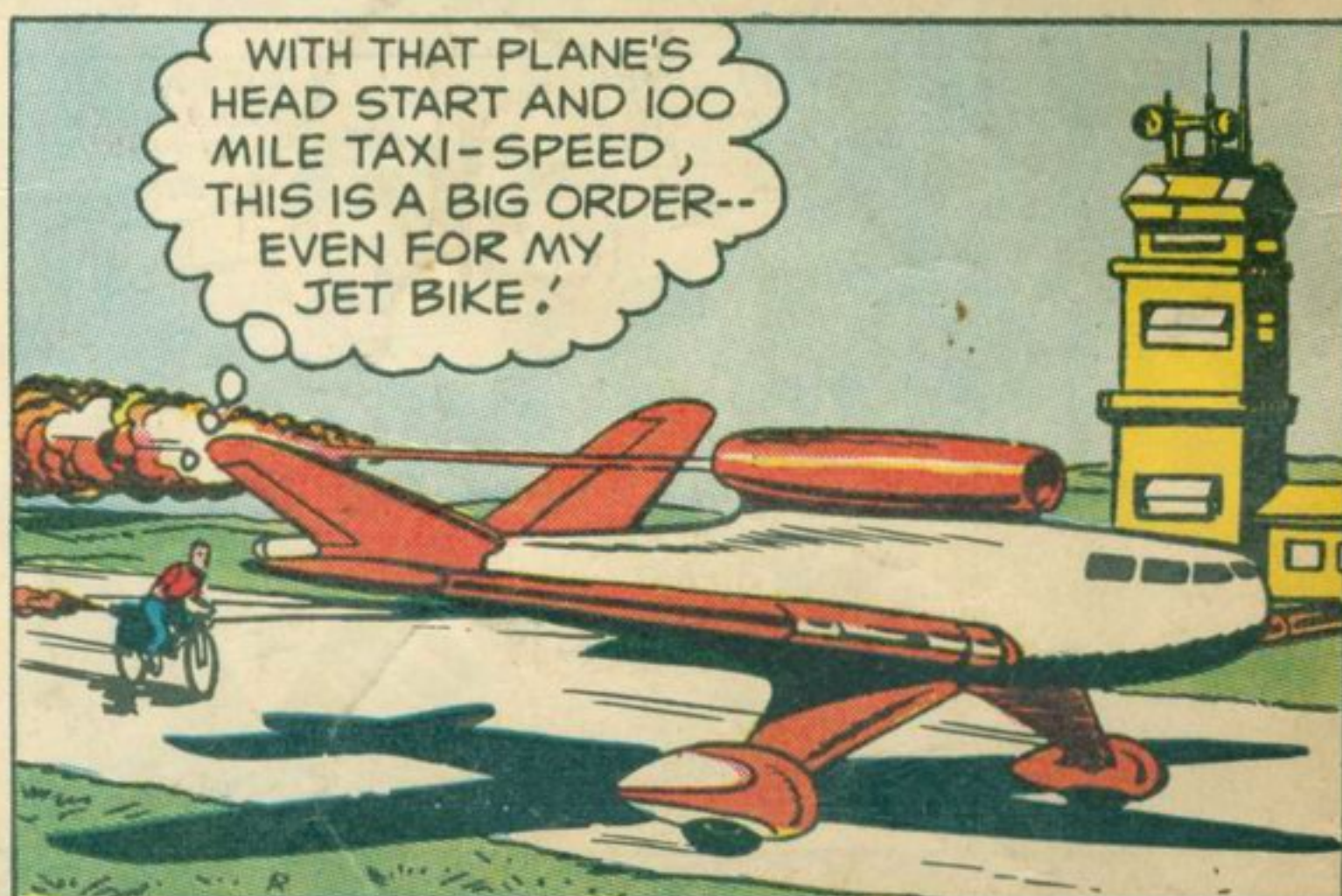
THOSE TWO FELLOWS
RUNNING TOWARD THE
PLANE--I DON'T LIKE
THEIR LOOKS!

MAYBE THEY
STARTED THE FIRE
TO GET THE
GUARD AWAY FROM
THE PLANE!



LOOK, ROYAL,
THEY'RE MAKING OFF
WITH THE PLANE!

THEY WON'T GET FAR
IF I CAN HELP IT...
MEANWHILE, YOU
FELLAS NOTIFY
THE F.B.I.



WITH THAT PLANE'S
HEAD START AND 100
MILE TAXI-SPEED,
THIS IS A BIG ORDER--
EVEN FOR MY
JET BIKE!



JUST AS THE POWERFUL
PLANE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE
THE GROUND, U.S. JAMS
THE PLANE'S ELEVATORS,
PREVENTS THE TAKE-OFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT
HAVE HAPPENED IF THESE FELLOWS
HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH THE ARMY'S
SECRET PLANE... THE F.B.I. CAN
THANK YOU BOYS FOR SEEING
THAT THEY
DIDN'T.

AND WE
CAN THANK
OUR U.S.
ROYALS
FOR REAL
BIKE SPEED
WITH
SAFETY!



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-
OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE
SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER CON-
TROL. INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, FOR REAL
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED.



"FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY,
IT'S THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN FOR ME"...
SAYS U.S. ROYAL

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, GIVE YOU
TOP PERFORMANCE AND PERFECT CON-
TROL. NO WONDER U.S. IS AMERICA'S
FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE!

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science